



No. 334.]

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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1887.

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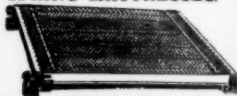
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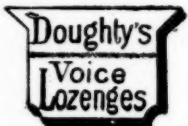
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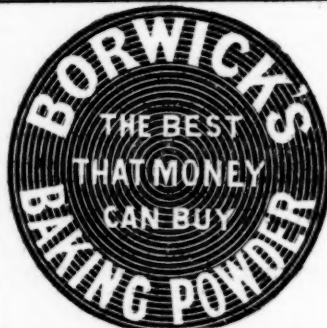
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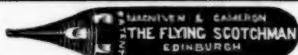
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WITH THE IMMORTALS.<sup>1</sup>

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

## CHAPTER XI.

"I HAVE made up my mind that I will never be surprised at anything again," said Lady Brenda, as the party sat at their mid-day breakfast on the day after the events last recorded. She had been telling the rest about the King's visit.

"You are quite right," answered Augustus; "you are quite right, my dearly beloved mother-in-law. Surprise is nothing but a disturbance in the balance of the faculties. Now, when a woman possesses faculties like yours, it is a pity that they should not be always balanced."

"Really, Augustus——"

"Quite so," continued Chard imperturbably. "When once you have discovered that we are likely to meet dead men who talk very agreeably almost every day, it is as well to make the most of your opportunities. The phenomenon will probably be explained some day; meanwhile let us enjoy it as much as we can. It would be very pleasant if these charming people could dine with us, but I gather from various things that they do not dine at all, nor even breakfast. Who is going on the expedition this afternoon?"

"We all are," said the three ladies with a unanimity as rarely found in the country when a walk is proposed, as it is general in town when there is a ball.

They had determined to take a long walk among the mountains, and, as the day was comparatively cool, they started immediately after breakfast. Augustus led them up the rocky path, past the little stone hut which was the centre of his experiments, and along the steep side of the mountain over the sea. They were all four good walkers and fond of exercise.

"It would be very amusing if some of our friends would walk with us," remarked Diana, as she picked her way over the rocks.

"Delightful," said Gwendoline, steadying herself with her stick upon the summit of a small boulder, and looking at the view.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Brenda. "Who can that be? Do you see, Augustus? Such a very odd dress! Do they still wear three-cornered hats in this part of the world, and brown coats with brass buttons?"

"He is a very big man," said Augustus, eying the stranger who was coming down the rocks, and who was not more than a hundred yards from them. "A very big man indeed. He must be some old peasant. We will talk to him."

They walked on, and in a few seconds came up to the solitary pedestrian. Augustus spoke to him. He was a man of colossal size, with a huge head surmounted by a small wig and a three-cornered hat. He wore

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1887, by F. Marion Crawford.  
No. 334.—VOL. LVI.

knee-breeches and stockings, with stout buckled shoes, and he carried in his hand a huge oak stick, which looked more like a club. Augustus addressed him in the dialect of the hills.

"Me fat'u favo', m'andecat' a'ndusse va p'annà a Pussità?"

"Sir," replied the stranger in English, and a loud, gruff voice, "from your appearance I take you to be an Englishman, like myself."

"I beg your pardon," said Augustus, very much surprised. "There are so few of our countrymen about here——"

"Your surprise is venial, sir," returned the other, fixing his dark eyes on Chard's face. "I am not only an Englishman, but a dead Englishman; and, what is more, sir, I believe that a dead Englishman is better than a live Italian. I am Samuel Johnson."

"Doctor Johnson!" exclaimed the four living people in astonishment.

"Do not Doctor me, sir," roared the great man in tremendous tones. "Do not Doctor me, sir, for I am past doctoring!" He glared a moment at the party, and then suddenly broke into a peal of laughter, in which the others soon joined.

"If I cannot frighten you," he continued good-naturedly, "I can at least excite your merriment. But, sir, I have seen little boys in Scotland tremble at the sight of this stick."

"You have found it, then?" said Augustus. "I congratulate you."

"Yes, sir, they stole it, the villains: I always said so."

In a few minutes they all proceeded on their walk. Augustus explained who he was, and presented Doctor Johnson to his three companions. The Doctor showed the greatest delight, and explained that he had just met the party of dead men who were passing the afternoon among the rocks. He was intimate with them, he said, and they had told him all about Chard and his experiments. Indeed the Doctor had taken the road towards the Castello del Gaudio in hopes of meeting the inhabitants of the castle.

"I wonder," said Augustus, "that

you should care to walk here—who are so fond of trees."

"Since I have hung loose on the world," replied Johnson, "and have been at liberty to walk where I please, and as long as I please, I have grown tolerant of contrast. It is one thing to be obliged to traverse a country where there is no timber: it is another matter to be independent of those laws which, while we are alive, force us to spend some time in moving from place to place."

"Do you think," asked Lady Brenda, "that when one has as many beautiful things as one likes, one begins to like ugly things, just for a change?"

"No, madam," said Johnson. "I do not like ugly things, but I have learned that there are no ugly things in nature. In living persons the impression of the ugliness of external objects is purely relative, since we know that an African negro in the natural state sees more beauty in a black woman of his own race than in a white woman of ours, and that with ourselves the contrary is the case. But if the negro be taken to a country inhabited by white men and women, he soon comes to regard the white woman as the type of what a woman should be; and before long he will see beauty where he formerly supposed that there was nothing but ugliness."

"But of course white women are more beautiful than black!" exclaimed Lady Brenda.

"When you say that they are more beautiful, you imply that their beauty is contrasted with the less beauty of black women," continued Johnson. "For since you employ a comparative form in describing the one, it may reasonably be supposed that you find something in the other with which the first may be compared. Indeed, comparison is at the root of all intelligence; and, if other things be alike, the man who is able to compare any two things with greater accuracy than his neighbour is the wiser of the two. For, if we suppose that two men are equally able to remember that which they have learned, it is clear that he who is able

to discern the comparative value of the different things he knows possesses of the two the greater facility for using his knowledge. It may be doubted whether Sir Isaac Newton possessed a more remarkable memory than Lord Chesterfield; but it cannot be questioned that, whereas in the latter the power of comparison merely produced a brilliant wit, in Newton the power was so great that it produced a very great man and a very great discoverer."

"Is it fair to compare a statesman with a scientist?" asked Diana, as the party paused in their walk.

"If statesmanship is a science, it is fair," answered the Doctor, looking down at the young girl.

"Statesmanship must be the greatest of sciences," said Augustus. "There are a hundred scientists to-day alive who are commonly called great. There are certainly not three statesmen alive to whom the epithet is applied now, or will be applied when they are dead."

"You are quite right, sir," answered Johnson.

"I suppose there is less room for them," remarked Gwendoline.

"I do not know," returned her husband. "There are hundreds of important places in which a man might distinguish himself, if we count together all the important governments in the world. If great statesmen were many, there would be no reason why a whole government should not consist of great men. Almost every university in the world pretends to boast of possessing one or two great men, and nobody seems able to prove that they are not really as great as is pretended."

"Scientists," said the Doctor, "or men of science, as we called them in my day, are in a position which differs wholly from that of statesmen; for while the former are privileged to speak without acting, the latter are often compelled to act without explaining themselves in words. A man is not to be held responsible for his convictions, provided that he does not

act upon them; but the actions of a statesman produce results of the sort which soon become manifest to all men and which influence the lives of mankind, so that mankind has the right to judge him. If all the theories of men of science were subjected to the test of experiment upon the *corpus vile* of whole nations it may be doubted whether popular opinion would continue to be as tolerant of scientific opinion as it now is; for though one man might succeed in rearing men from a litter of monkeys, the next experimenter might very likely, by a small error, reduce men to the state of apes. One man rises up and declares to the people that they must believe in him, but that, in order to believe in him, it is necessary that they should not believe in God. He exalts science to the position of the Deity, and tells people that they must worship it; but it is his own science which he exalts, and not that of his adversary, who has invented a different kind of idol. No, sir, science is a good thing so long as it is useful; but when, in its present state, it takes upon itself to tamper with so enormous and vital a matter as the belief of man in his Creator, it is pernicious, it is dangerous, and it will soon become destructive."

"You see, Augustus," said Lady Brenda triumphantly, "I always told you that it was great rubbish."

"My dear mother-in-law," returned Chard, "you forget that I belong to the brotherhood of the Ignorantines. My principal conviction is that nobody knows anything."

"Sir," said Johnson, "you are not far wrong. One of the greatest mistakes of these days is the attempt to make people believe that they can know everything. Science cannot be made popular. If it be within the reach of every one, and so simple that everybody can understand it, why then many persons could have discovered its secrets long ago; but if it be indeed a hard matter to understand, it must be reserved for those whose intellect is equal to so great an effort, and it is useless to make that popular which the

people can never comprehend. If those men who occupy themselves by attempting to substitute their own theories in the place of a wholesome religion, would confine their efforts to communicating such knowledge as they possess without endeavouring to destroy that belief which excites their unreasoning hatred, they might indeed deserve some credit; but their arguments are of so partial a nature, their language is so vehement and unrestrained, that we are forced to believe that they are animated rather by a desire to destroy religion than by a legitimate wish to extend the sphere of human knowledge and to do good to humanity by teaching that which is useful."

"Yes," said Augustus, "there is no reason why we should not learn the little that can be known without upsetting religion. I think some modern scientists might read the life of Pascal with advantage, not to say that of Newton. I do not suppose that any of our living professors pretend to be as great as either of those two, who were extremely religious men."

"Pascal," replied the Doctor, "was a tremendous young man. He discovered the weight of the atmosphere, he invented a calculating machine, he found the law of cycloids, he wrote like a father of the early Church, and he instituted the first omnibus that ever ran. A man cannot do more than that in thirty-nine years, but he did most of those things before he was five-and-twenty. As for Sir Isaac Newton he wrote a book of arguments in proof of a Deity, and a chronology of ancient history, both of which are much better than is commonly supposed."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Gwendoline, "I never knew that Pascal invented the omnibus. He must have had a great deal of common-sense."

"Both common and un-common, madam," answered Johnson; "and I venture to say that the common-sense which can invent the omnibus is as valuable to mankind as the un-common

intelligence which is able to conceive that the atmosphere may have weight, and that the cycloid curve may be reduced to a law."

"Yes," said Augustus; "but the weight of the atmosphere is more interesting than the invention of a public carriage. I should think that a man with a big intellect would prefer to study big things."

"No, sir," answered Johnson. "It is not more interesting, but it is more attractive. When a man of science discovers a lacuna in his wisdom, he makes haste to fill up the breach with a new theory, in the framing of which he at once enjoys the pleasure of imagination and the satisfaction which is felt in the exercise of ingenuity. But the case of the man who occupies himself in endeavouring to better the condition of his fellow men by imparting to them some of the results of his study is very different. For, while the man of speculative science acts upon ideas, theories, and the like, the student of the applied sciences acts upon things, and in a high degree upon people. It is clear that the immediate results produced by the man who acts upon living men are in the present incalculably more important than those brought about by the student who speculates upon the origin of the human race, or upon the ultimate nature of human happiness; although it is true that, where speculation results in discoveries capable of being widely and advantageously applied, the man of science attains to an importance which cannot be over-estimated. When Pascal discovered that the atmosphere has weight, he laid the foundation for the invention of the first steam-engine. When Newton established the nature of the laws of gravity, he gave to science the means of weighing the earth; and on his method of prime and ultimate ratios is founded the most subtle, powerful, and universally applicable system of calculation now known. But there are few who combine common and un-common sense in the same degree as those two men; and we may safely



say that those persons who act upon man directly, as statesmen, or upon things, as engineers, are the men who, in the present, make their influence most widely felt. Any great railway of the world transports from place to place in one month, affording thereby immense facilities to their lives, a greater number of people than in the whole world have read or perhaps ever heard of Mr. Darwin's book upon the origin of man, or Professor Kant's work on the criticism exercised by pure reason."

"The only measure of force, of which we know, is the result produced," said Augustus.

"And will any one venture to compare the result produced upon the lives, the wealth, and the prosperity of mankind by as small a modification of an existing machine as is comprised in the invention of the marine compound engine of to-day, with the result produced by Mr. Darwin's researches concerning the origin of man? The simple idea of using the steam twice over in cylinders of different sizes has revolutionised modern commerce, has been the death-warrant of thousands of sailing vessels, and has caused thousands of steam-ships to be built, employing many millions of men and upsetting all old-fashioned notions of trade. But I will venture to say that the theory which teaches people to believe that they are descended from monkeys has neither contributed to the happiness of mankind, nor in any way increased the prosperity of nations. If it possesses merits as a theory, which may or may not be questioned, it can certainly never be said to have any application bearing upon the lives of men; and though it will survive as a remarkable monument of the ingenuity, the imagination and the industry of a learned man, it will neither inspire humanity at large with elevating and strengthening thoughts, nor will it help individuals in particular to better their condition or to surmount the ordinary difficulties of everyday life."

"I should think not!" exclaimed

Lady Brenda in a tone of conviction. "But of course one has to pretend to believe what everybody else does—or at least one must let other people believe what they please. It makes life so much easier."

"Madam," said Johnson sternly, "it is always easier to avoid a responsibility than to assume it."

"Oh dear! I did not mean to be so serious!" rejoined the lady. "But I really could not take upon myself to persuade all the people I meet in society that they are not descended from monkeys, when they assure me that they are, you know."

"No, madam," answered the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye. "So nice a matter should be referred to a court of claims, and the candidates for the honours of monkeydom should be judged upon their own merits."

"And if approved, be declared tenants in tail for ever," suggested Augustus.

"Sir," said Johnson almost angrily, "puns are the last resources of exhausted wit, as swearing is the pitiful refuge of those whose vocabulary is too limited to furnish them with the means of expressing their anger or disappointment."

"I beg your pardon," returned Augustus smiling. "Wit is much exhausted in our day."

"It must be, sir," answered the Doctor, who did not seem quite pacified. But the three ladies laughed.

"Won't you let me make a pun?" asked Lady Brenda beseechingly.

"No, madam, not if I can help it," returned Johnson, smiling and resuming his good humour. "I ask your pardon, sir," he continued, turning to Augustus. "I did not mean to imply that your wit was exhausted."

"It is, I assure you. So pray do not mention the matter," answered Chard laughing. "The unconscious ratiocination of my feeble brain found expression in words."

"Some day," said the Doctor, "I would like to discuss with you the nature of wit and humour. At present the digression would be too great,

for we were speaking of men of science, in whom wit is rarely abundant and in whom humour is as conspicuous by its absence as were the images of Cassius and Brutus at the funeral of Junia Tertia, Cassius' wife. But I should except Pascal, who was a very witty man. You would find great advantage in his acquaintance."

"Do you often see him?" asked Diana eagerly. She loved and admired the writer as distinguished from the scientist.

"Sometimes," answered Johnson. "He is a most unclubable man. He loves solitude and his own thoughts, which, to tell the truth, are very good, so that he is not altogether to be blamed."

They walked together along the ridge of the mountain, stopping now and then to rest a little and to look at the wonderful views which were unfolded to their eyes almost at every step. The bare brown rocks over which they climbed contrasted strangely with the deep blue of the sea far below, and with the grand sweep of the Gulf of Salerno in the distance, where the green and marshy plain beyond the white city stretched back from the water towards the Calabrian Hills. The sun was not hot at that high elevation, and the cool sea-breeze swept the rocks and blew in the faces of the party. Suddenly the mountain path came abruptly to an end as they reached the foot of a high and inaccessible rock. It was evident that they must go round it, and turning to the left they descended a little channel which led through the boulders. The sound of voices reached their ears, and Gwendoline paused to listen.

"We shall find our friends here," said Doctor Johnson. "They must be just beyond that corner."

They hastened forward and soon they came upon the strange company, seated together in a half circle where there was an indentation in the hill. Caesar was there and Francis, Heine and Chopin and one other, whom they had not seen before. He was a man in white armour, complete save that

he wore no helmet: a slender, graceful man seated in an easy attitude, his chin resting on his hand. His face was of calm angelic beauty, pale and delicate, but serene and strong. Short curls of chestnut hair clustered about his white brow, and his deep-set blue eyes looked quietly at the advancing party.

"Who is the man in armour?" asked Gwendoline of Doctor Johnson in a low voice as they approached.

"A very good man, madam," he answered. "That is no less a person, madam, than Pierre du Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard, known as the Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach. A man, madam, of whom it is impossible to say whether he is most to be revered for his virtue, admired for his prowess, or imitated for his fidelity to his sovereign."

"Really!" exclaimed Gwendoline. But there was not time for more. The dead men rose to their feet together, and greetings were exchanged between them and their living acquaintances. King Francis presented Bayard to Lady Brenda, who in her turn presented Gwendoline, Diana, and Augustus to the King.

"We feared you were not coming," said the latter smiling pleasantly. "Indeed, we were planning the siege of your castle, and Bayard had volunteered to lead the forlorn hope."

"If we had taken him prisoner," said Augustus, "the ladies would not have let him go as Ludovico did, when he rushed into Milan alone."

"Indeed," said the Chevalier, "I fear I should not have had the courage to offer a ransom."

"Let us go on," suggested Gwendoline. "I like to see the water—then we can all sit down and talk. You are not tired?" she asked, looking inquiringly round the group.

"No," laughed Heine, "we are indestructible. We have not even the satisfaction of wearing out our shoes and of getting new ones. I will show you the way to a beautiful spot."

They all moved forward together,

skirting the boulders for a couple of hundred yards. Then suddenly they came into sight of the sea, between the steep sides of the gorge. Heine and Johnson had gone in front, and were already gazing at the view as the others came up.

## CHAPTER XII.

HEINE was standing against a huge boulder on the edge of the precipice, looking down at the moving waters. Seated on the other side of the path, Dr. Johnson slowly turned his huge stick in his hands and bent his heavy brows as though in thought. The rest of the party stood together in the narrow way: Bayard and the King together, and Caesar in the midst of the little group of living persons.

"Let us stay here," said Gwendoline. "It is a perfect place."

Indeed the spot was very beautiful. The afternoon sun now cast a deep shade from the overhanging cliffs upon the little plot of grass in which the daisies and the poppies growing thickly together made fantastic designs of colour. The wild cactus dropped its irregular necklace of green leaves and brilliant flowers from the rocks above; and on the very edge there grew a luxuriant mass of snowy white heather, almost unknown in those hills, but sometimes found in singular abundance and beauty in remote and favoured spots. Through the opening where the little gorge abruptly ended the sea appeared far below in a blaze of sunlight, swept with fresh colour by the westerly breeze. The view of the water between the warm yellow rocks was like those strange Chinese jewels in which the feathers of the blue kingfisher are set in a work of frosted gold.

All agreed to Gwendoline's proposition; and the living and the dead sat down together upon the grass, upon projecting stones and upon the dried trunk of a fallen pine tree, which lay along the side of the path as though purposely placed there to form a seat. For a few moments no one spoke. The

living were absorbed in enjoyment of a rest after the ascent of the rugged path: the dead men, who felt no physical weariness, gazed mournfully on the distant sea, and chased in sad restlessness the shadows of their great past, which seemed to flit between them and the fair reality of living nature.

"I wonder," said Lady Brenda, who loved to throw out large questions for the sake of making people talk, "I wonder what, after all, we shall think we have most enjoyed in life."

Caesar smiled, and his expression was that of a man who is conscious of possessing the key to a difficult problem, a smile of calm certainty and of immovable conviction. Francis turned his head quickly to the speaker and seemed about to make some jest; but as suddenly, again, his face grew very grave, and a sort of rough despair gathered in the glance of his eyes and in the moulding of his full lips. Bayard's beautiful face never changed as he quietly watched the King. Doctor Johnson began to shake his head and seemed to be muttering to himself, but his words were not audible: his great hands grasped his oaken club nervously and he appeared to be much excited. For a moment no one answered Lady Brenda's question. Then Augustus Chard spoke out: "Love and nature," he said shortly.

"I do not entirely agree with you," said Caesar.

"I do," said the King shortly.

"Sir," said Doctor Johnson, turning round upon his rock and addressing Augustus, "there is much to be said in support of your answer. Nevertheless, however overwhelming the evidence may appear to be upon the one side, justice requires that we should not overlook the arguments in favour of the other."

"Let us argue the question," suggested Heine. "I will argue on both sides, since that is necessary to get at the truth."

"Sir, I did not say that was necessary. I said, sir, that each should

support his own side in order that we might judge of both, thus extracting the pure metal of truth from the mixed ore of individual impression refined in the crucible of honest discussion."

"I beg your pardon," replied Heine. "I only meant that I would without prejudice help both sides. I will not argue the fitness of your way of proceeding—"

"No, sir, you cannot," interrupted Johnson in loud tones.

"— which is only applicable when there are at least two people present," continued Heine unmoved; "and which cannot be of the least service to a man who wishes to find the truth alone."

"Let us discuss the matter itself, instead of the way of discussing it," put in Lady Brenda.

"I say," said Augustus, formally re-stating his opinion, "that I believe what we shall in the end see we have most enjoyed can be expressed under the heads of love and nature—I mean the beauties of nature."

"It depends," remarked Caesar, looking down as he sat, "upon whether man most enjoys those things in which he commands, or those in which he is commanded by forces superior to himself."

"You mean that they who enjoy love and nature more than anything else are dominated by love and nature?" asked Augustus Chard.

"I think so. But love and nature are widely different. Love is a passion; but nature is an assemblage of objects in the contemplation of which we experience various sensations of comfort or discomfort, of pleasure or annoyance."

"Not so very different from love, after all," said Heine. "Woman is an assemblage of objects, such as eyes, nose, hair, lap-dogs and gossip, in the contemplation of which we experience—"

"Woman, sir, has an immortal soul," said Johnson sternly.

"Then that is the only difference," returned Heine. "Nature, so far as we can judge, has no soul—a fact

which accounts for her orderly regularity. If nature had a soul we should love her better than any woman—for she has the quality of faithfulness together with the absence of vanity."

"I think one should define love before arguing about it," said Diana, who loved poetry as much as argument, but wished to enjoy them separately.

"Love," said Doctor Johnson, "has fourteen meanings. The love of which we are speaking is the passion between the sexes."

"Precisely," said Francis. "That is a very good definition."

"I would make it wider," objected Bayard, speaking for the first time. "Love is the honourable and passionate attachment of man and woman."

"That," replied the Doctor, "is the noble form of love. Love is the passion between the sexes; and though we may readily admit that in its highest condition it partakes of the angelic, it is not too much to say that as manifested in ignoble beings it savours of hellishness. But in regard to the objection of the Chevalier Bayard, since love in all cases springs from like or similar causes, and since it can never be agreeable to persons of refined intelligence to speak of that which by its nature lacks all refinement, let us set aside those baser manifestations of love whereby the sensibilities of our fair companions might be offended, and let us choose for the subject of our discussion only that pure and honourable passion which, as we may not unreasonably believe it to proceed from God, we may without injustice or exaggeration characterise as divine."

"By all means," assented Augustus. "And in that case I should say that we ought to accept the Chevalier's definition. Love is the honourable and passionate affection of man and woman for each other. The definite article presumes that such love is not one of many such affections, but the only one. The word 'honourable'

implies the quality of disinterestedness and consequently of unquestioning self devotion, which is the soul of honour. Lastly, the epithet 'passionate' preserves to love its true character as contrasted with the passionless affection a man may feel for his friend."

"You put love beyond the reach of ordinary men," said Francis drily.

"No," replied Augustus. "There may be many degrees of love below the very highest ideal of what the passion should be, and which are yet far from base."

"You do not distinguish between the ideal and the real," objected Heine.

"I am sure, when one loves anybody in the best way, one sees one's ideal realised, more or less," said Gwendoline.

"That which is ideal cannot easily be realised," remarked Doctor Johnson.

"Exactly," said Gwendoline. "It is very seldom realised. But when we are in earnest and in love we realise it a little."

"Nevertheless," observed Caesar, "the hope of realising the ideal is so strong that it practically dominates the whole human race."

"You admit that love is a dominant passion then," said Lady Brenda.

"So dominant, madam," said Francis, "that there is hardly a human being in the world who has not been under its influence at one time or another. And when a man is under the influence of love he is not his own master."

"One never recovers from it. It is an illness which disfigures," remarked Heine. "Besides, when one is ill with it one does not mind being disfigured: when one is convalescent one thinks that the scars would disappear if one could only be ill again."

"That is true," laughed Francis. "You are very witty, Monsieur Heine."

"It is one of the disfigurements of the disease," answered the poet, with his strange smile. "A dog that has

not had the distemper is worthless, as your majesty may remember. I was a valuable dog, for I had it when I was young."

"You do not argue then," said Diana, speaking to Heine, "that love in the end is one of the things we shall have most enjoyed?"

"To have loved is bad," he answered. "Not to have loved is worse."

"Sir," said Johnson, "of two evils a man ought to choose the less."

"Most people do," returned Heine.

"You too, then, admit that love is a dominant passion," said Augustus. "I believe Doctor Johnson admits it also."

"I do not admit it," replied the Doctor. "I know it already."

"It is the most noble of the passions," said Bayard. "A man should love his country with his whole mind, his king with his whole soul, his wife with his whole heart, and his God with heart and soul and mind."

"Sir," said Johnson, "that is a very good rule for a man's life. If he devote his intelligence to the welfare of his country, his fidelity, enthusiasm and courage to the service of his king, and his purest and warmest affection to the woman he has chosen to love, he shall certainly lead the life of an earnest Christian, in whom all intentions are based upon reasonable and pure precepts, and in whose life good intentions find a fitting exposition in good deeds."

"That is what a man should be," answered Bayard quietly. "But I admit that of the men I have known, the greater number were far more influenced by their love for women than by patriotism, loyalty or religious fervour. Love is indeed the dominating passion of the world."

"Of passions as we understand the word," said Augustus. "I suppose no one will pretend that hate has more influence on the daily lives of men in general than love. If jealousy be a real passion, it presupposes the existence of love, and is one of its consequences. The passion of avarice

certainly has great weight in the world, but no one has ever said—there is not even a proverb which says—that all men are avaricious. It is a rare thing to meet a miser. What other passions are there? There are vices indeed; but the reason we call them vices probably is that, as exceptions to the general rule, they offend our sense of social propriety. At all events the idea of vice is recent, since the words which express it are different in the different Aryan languages. Vice is not passion. The great passions in the true sense are love, hate, jealousy, avarice, pride, ambition. The last two are not worth mentioning in speaking of the mass of humanity; for vanity is common enough, but pride, as a passion, is rare, while ambition is the rarest of all."

"It is also the most absorbing, and in its greatest development produces the greatest results," remarked Caesar.

"No," said Johnson, "not the greatest results. It produces the most astonishing results. If we could remove ambition from the world certain changes would immediately take place; yet the effect of extinguishing all love throughout the earth would be far more destructive. It is common to suppose that progress depends upon ambition, whereas there can be no doubt but that the wholesome daily progress of man proceeds from the mere desire to better his condition; and it will generally appear that those nations which are most advanced in the arts of civilisation are those in which the desire for physical comfort is the most felt. Ambition of which the object is mere physical comfort cannot properly be called ambition at all, any more than a reasonable desire for competence can be branded as a sin under the name of avarice, or——"

"Any more than the rosy, stupid, beer-sausage-Sunday-afternoon affection of the little burgher for his little wife can be dignified by the name of love," interrupted Heine with a smile.

"That which is good, sir," replied the Doctor, "can be small without

being contemptible; but that which is bad is contemptible when it is small and becomes monstrous when it grows great."

"I am glad I remained small," said Heine.

"I think," said Bayard, addressing him directly, "that on the contrary you are not bad, for you are too great to have any right to call yourself small; and we will all maintain that in your greatness there is nothing which shocks the senses of a gentleman."

"As usually happens when a man hears himself praised, I have nothing to say," replied Heine. But his face grew gentle and his smile less sarcastic.

"I think that you are right in one way," said Caesar addressing Johnson. "But the results of ambition may be both astonishing and great at the same time. As regards the great mass of mankind, I must admit that of all the passions love plays the most important part. I never was so deeply in love myself as to permit love to influence my plans."

"That was one secret of your success," said Francis.

"Perhaps," answered Caesar, with a peculiar smile. "If I had played a smaller part in the world, I believe that I should have regretted having loved so lightly as I did. But my life was an exceptional one, and I know that, as far as my personal feelings were concerned, it was more satisfactory than most men's lives are."

"I fancy," observed Augustus, "that your identity was absorbed and fully occupied by the necessities of your career, leaving nothing but bare reality in your love."

"Since we have agreed that love is the dominant passion of the world," said Bayard, "it would be interesting to ascertain whether people love the ideal or the reality."

"Very interesting indeed," assented Diana. "I fancy love is largely a question of the imagination. Of course that makes no difference in the way it dominates us; the result is the same."



"I should not think it would be the same," remarked Francis.

"I suppose," said Augustus Chard, "that the ideal is in each man's brain the result of all his intellectual likings and physical tastes. The rest in each man's mind is the result of all his intellectual and physical perceptions. The question ultimately depends upon the balance between the likings and tastes on the one hand and the perceptions on the other. In some men the wish goes before the thought, and the thought influences the perceptions. In less imaginative people no vivid image is formed in the mind until it has been once perceived by the senses. Cases are known of men blind from their birth who dream of colours and forms frequently and vividly; but many blind persons do not dream that they see. I imagine that those who do are more imaginative than those who do not; and that if they suddenly obtained sight and were able to compare the impressions received in their dreams with the reality, those who dream of seeing would without much difficulty recognise their ideal in the real, attributing to the latter many of the qualities their imagination had previously defined, but which would not be perceptible to persons who were accustomed to the sight of the real from their childhood. The blind man who does not dream of sight, on the contrary, would convince himself of the nature of reality by slow experiments, not having any very clearly preconceived notions on the subject. By extension, a man who has great imagination is likely to form a very clear picture of the woman he would choose for his wife. Unfortunately his imperfect knowledge of the relations between the intelligence, the character, and the personal appearance in women frequently leads him to fix his ideal upon the wrong reality.

"Augustus! What a lecture!" exclaimed Diana laughing. "In other words, people who love ideals are always disappointed."

"Naturally," said Heine. "But in

order not to be disappointed a man must have no imagination!"

"Men are not always disappointed," said Bayard. "The world is full of good women."

"On the other hand it is not full of good men," answered Heine.

"Man is a sad dog," said Doctor Johnson, who had been listening in silence for some time. "And woman is a dear creature," he added in a tone of great conviction.

"Well?" asked Lady Brenda. "Have you decided about the ideal and those things yet?"

"Madam," said Francis, turning to her with a smile, "I do not understand a word they are saying. I probably have not much imagination. To me, a woman is a woman."

"I call a cat a cat, and Rolet a rascal," as Boileau put it," remarked Heine. "I would like to know how many men in a hundred are disappointed in the women they marry."

"Just as many as have too much imagination," said Augustus.

"No," said Johnson, shaking his head violently, and speaking suddenly in an excited tone. "No. Those who are disappointed are such as are possessed of imagination without judgment; but a man whose imagination does not outrun his judgment is seldom deceived in the realisation of his hopes. I suspect that the same thing is true in the art of poetry, of which Herr Heine is at once a master and a judge. For the qualities that constitute genius are invention, imagination, and judgment; invention, by which new trains of events are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed: imagination, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind and enables him to convey to the reader the various forms of nature, incidents of life and energies of passion; and judgment, which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires, and by separating the essence of things from its concomitants often makes the representation more powerful than the reality.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Johnson's "Life of Pope."

A man who possesses invention and imagination can invent and imagine a thousand beauties, gifts of mind, and virtues of character; but unless he have judgment which enables him to discern the bounds of possibility and to detect the real nature of the woman he has chosen as the representative of his self-formed ideal, he runs great risk of being deceived. As a general rule, however, it has pleased Providence to endow man with much more judgment than imagination; and to this cause we may attribute the numerical exiguity of poets who have flourished in the world, and the abundance of happy marriages among civilised mankind."

"It appears that I must have possessed imagination after all," said Francis.

"If you will allow me to say it," said Caesar in his most suave tones, and turning his heavy black eyes upon the King's face, "you had too much. Had you possessed less imagination and more judgment, you might many times have destroyed the Emperor Charles. To challenge him to fight a duel was a gratuitous and very imaginative piece of civility: to let him escape as you did more than once, when you could easily have forced an engagement on terms advantageous to yourself was unpardonable."

"I know it," said Francis bitterly. "I was not Caesar."

"No, sir," said Johnson in loud, harsh tones, "nor were you happy in your marriages——"

"I adore learned men," whispered Francis to Lady Brenda. He had at once recovered his good humour.

"A fact that proves what I was saying, that the element of judgment is necessary in the selection of a wife," continued the Doctor.

"I think it is intuition which makes the right people fall in love with each other," said Lady Brenda.

"Intuition, madam," replied Johnson, "means the mental view: as you use it, you mean a very quick and accurate mental view, followed immedi-

ately by an unconscious, but correct process of deduction. The combination of the two, when they are nicely adjusted, constitutes a kind of judgment which, though it be not always so correct in its conclusions as that exercised by ordinary logic, has, nevertheless, the advantage of quickness combined with tolerable precision. For, in matters of love, it is necessary to be quick."

"Who sups with the devil must have a long spoon," said Francis laughing.

"And he who hopes to entertain an angel must keep his house clean," returned the Doctor.

"Do you believe that people always fall in love very quickly?" asked Lady Brenda.

"Frequently, though not always. Love dominates quite as much because its attacks are sudden and unexpected, as because most persons believe that to be in love is a desirable state."

"Love," said Caesar, "is a great general and a great strategist; for he rarely fails to surprise the enemy if he can, but he never refuses an open engagement when necessary."

"I think," observed Augustus, "that we have proved love to be the chief ruling passion of the world; and Doctor Johnson has shown that while all men must submit to it, the man who has the most judgment will find the submission most agreeable, not to say advantageous, because he will instinctively love the best women of those likely to love him in return."

"I suppose that applies to all mankind," said Diana. "No one could love the wrong person if every one had enough judgment. What a dreary idea, that even love is a matter of calculation."

"The calculation is unconscious," objected Gwendoline. "It only means that when you know exactly what you want, you ought to be able to recognise it when you see it."

"Madam," said Johnson, "that plain statement is worth all of our

conversation taken together. You exactly express my idea——"

"Then you ought to fall in love with me at once," retorted Gwendoline.

"Oh, brave we!" shouted the Doctor, wagging his head and clapping his enormous hands in delight, and then bursting into peals of laughter, in which the rest joined almost without knowing why.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"It does me good to see a dead man laugh like that," said Heine at last. "But out of all this logic, what becomes of phoenixes, rocs, poets, and other mythological beasts who have no judgment at all, and love so very truly that they are always crying and thinking how nice it must be to be married and live on the ground floor, and eat potato soup, and drink coffee, and have pinks in the window like good, honest, sensible little burghers?"

"Sir," said Johnson, "your similes are amazing. The phoenix was a single bird, no mate existing of his species. The roc was as remarkable for its conjugal happiness and fidelity as for its monstrous strength. As for the poet, his imagination is so large, and yet so refined, that he seldom has an opportunity of meeting such a woman as he imagines he might love."

"The celebrated passions of the world have generally been those of poetic people," said Diana; "and the most celebrated poems have either been inspired by love, or treat of love."

"That is quite logical," said Heine. "For since love dominates us all, it follows that in its highest form it must be the most interesting subject to everybody, and everybody will be anxious to read about it in the books where it is best described. Everybody likes to feel by proxy what it is to be the hero or heroine of a thrilling love-story; and there are not many ordinary people who at one time or another have not tried to invest their little humdrum affections with an air of romance. The schoolboy likes to fancy

himself scaling heights, and creeping along giddy cornices to the window of some lovely lady. The grown man delights in asking himself whether he would be willing to lose the world for a woman, and generally decides that he would not, until he has been a quarter of an hour in the moonlight with the woman he loves; after which the world may go to any one who cares for it, and is willing to take the responsibility."

"No one," said Cæsar, "has ever been able at one time to serve his passion and his interests. Clear your reason from what darkens it, and you will be strong: if passion takes possession of your intelligence and dominates it, you will be weak."<sup>1</sup>

"Sir," said Johnson, who immediately recognised Cæsar's quotation from his own speech, "when you used those words, you referred to the passion of anger and not to the passion of love."

"For that matter," replied Cæsar suavely, "I used the word in both senses. You may remember that scarcely half an hour later a note was brought me from a lady, which the fathers supposed to be from one of the conspirators. I was exceedingly anxious about that note at the very time when I was speaking; and I dare say that if my mind had been less influenced by anxiety I should have spoken better. As it was, the incident had a bad effect, and contributed to my failure on that occasion."

"That is true," admitted the Doctor; "but I believe the note was not from your wife, sir, as it should have been, but from another lady."

"That is also true," replied Cæsar, with a light laugh.

"Then I may say that you were not under the influence of the best kind of passion," continued Johnson. "In general, I would not advise a man to engage in great affairs at the time when he is courting a pretty woman; but when he has married her, and the

<sup>1</sup> Cæsar's speech at the trial of Catiline, December 5, 691 A.U.C.

anxiety concerning the result of his courtship has terminated in a natural and satisfactory manner, I say that the constant sympathy and affection of a refined and faithful woman do not hinder a man in the accomplishment of great enterprises; but, on the contrary, they produce serenity in his temper, they inspire courage in his heart, and they add new confidence and vigour to his judgment."

"Yes, but is that passion?" asked Lady Brenda.

"It is love, madam, and love is a passion. When the floodgates of a huge dock are opened for the first time, the sea rushes in tumultuously with great violence, so that it is dangerous to oppose it; but when the sea has filled the basin constructed for it the tumult is soon succeeded by a calm, great ships float safely in, and the very water which a short time before was a dangerous whirlpool becomes instead a haven of safety, where the great operations of commerce can ever afterwards be conducted with security and profit."

"It seems to me," said Augustus, "that the only point which remains to be shown is that the recollections most men have of love are among the pleasantest which men ever have at all. That was my original proposition."

"It is useless to deny it," replied Doctor Johnson. "Men generally desire to experience love, and most men do in one degree or another. I believe that in the vast majority of cases the working man, the gentleman, the soldier and the scholar would all say that their affection for their wives has given them much lasting happiness; and those classes compose the greater part both of civilised society and of barbarous nations. Especially it is important to remember that in all ages men have fought in defence of their women when they could not have been roused to fight for anything else, and it is reasonable to suppose that men love best that for which they will most readily give their blood. What men love best must be what is

most pleasant to them, and that which is most pleasant will also afford the most delightful recollections. Your proposition is proved, sir, and there is nothing more to be said about it."

Thereupon the Doctor struck the end of his oaken stick violently into the ground, and looked from one to the other as though to challenge contradiction.

"Can a recollection be sad and pleasant at the same time?" asked Heine with a sigh, but as though not expecting an answer.

"I think so," said Bayard, who had been silent for a long time. "I am sure that one may rejoice and yet shed bitter tears over the same event. If I love a true and glorious lady, and if she die, my heart is full of a grand gladness because she is in Heaven, but my eyes are filled with tears because she has passed away. My joy is for her, my weeping is for myself: both are earnest."

"You mean when she has loved you in return?" asked Heine.

"It is the same," replied the Chevalier. "If she died before she loved me, I would always believe that if she had lived she would have loved me in the end. We were willing to wait long for love when I was alive."

"Speak in your own name, my irreproachable captain!" exclaimed Francis gaily. "For my part I never could understand waiting."

"It has been said that your majesty inaugurated a new social era," answered Bayard with a quiet smile.

"But," persisted Heine, "suppose that instead of dying, you imagined for some time that she loved you, and that she then married some one else. Could your recollections of her be at once sad and pleasant?"

"If she had deceived me, I would try not to remember her," replied Bayard. "If I had deceived myself, I still might be glad that she was happily married, for her sake, and yet be sorry for my own."

"But if she had deceived you, and you could not forget her?" asked Heine.

"Then I would look for consolation elsewhere!"

"With another woman?"

"No: in a holy life," said Bayard simply.

Heine sighed and turned away. Cæsar looked curiously at the man who had been the bravest of his day, as well as the purest, and Francis wore a puzzled expression.

"You would do well, sir," said Johnson. "When a man has made a mistake and is unhappy, it is better that he should occupy himself in relieving the distress of others, than that he should manifest his own disappointment in a piece of verse."

"There would certainly be a decrease in the production of poetry in that case," said Heine, smiling in spite of his melancholy mood.

"How many times can a man be seriously in love?" asked Lady Brenda, glancing at Francis.

"Once," said Heine, "and that is too much."

"If I were alive, madam," said the King, "I would never be weary of loving!"

"Man," said Johnson, "comes into the world with a certain capability for love. If the capability be great, and is wholly employed in a strong affection for one woman, the result is a passion which may attain sublimity; but if, on the other hand, the whole force of love is squandered upon unworthy objects, the petty results cannot be dignified by the name of passion, nor honoured by the name of love. It may indeed happen that one man may, at different periods of his life, love two women with great devotion, but I doubt whether he can love three, and I know that he cannot love twenty. The human mind is not capable of experiencing frequently very remarkable sensations without becoming so much accustomed to them as to regard them with indifference, for, when they become frequent, they must soon cease to excite remark. Love is to the human part of man what religion is

to the soul; and as we conceive the Christian man who believes fervently in one God to be better than the heathen, who divides his belief among many idols and endeavours to distribute his faith in a fair proportion to each, so we shall not greatly err if we assume that a man is a better lover when he loves one woman than when he has loved several."

"The mistake I made was that I loved too few," said Francis with a laugh. "Had I loved a dozen more, love would have ceased to influence me or my doings. Cæsar had the advantage of me there. He wore out his affections when he was young, and consequently found his intellect untrammelled when he was in the prime of life."

"His majesty is very frank," said Cæsar to Gwendoline with a quiet smile; but he took no further notice of the thrust.

Indeed there was a singular harmony among the dead men. They occasionally said things to each other which among the living might be expected to cause pain; but the sharpest thrust produced little or no effect. When we know that words can never by any possibility be translated into deeds, directly or indirectly, we grow indifferent to sharp speeches, and soon learn that we are beyond their reach. The vanity of Francis was not diminished by the accident of death, and he loved to draw parallels between himself and Cæsar; but the conqueror smiled always, in his gentle and courteous way, willing that Francis should say what he pleased. A bitter jest might be spoken sometimes, but the moment the words were uttered the bitterness was gone from them. The dead men knew that if they did not forgive at once they would surely forgive to-morrow; and in the gloomy prospect of eternal disagreements they had soon learned to forgive at once. So true it is that man only harbours resentment as long as he dreams of revenge.

*(To be continued.)*

## FRANCIS JEFFREY.

"JEFFREY and I," says Christopher North in one of his more malicious moments, "do nothing original; it's porter's work." A tolerably experienced student of human nature might almost, without knowing the facts, guess the amount of truth contained in this fling. North, as North, had done nothing that the world calls original: North, as Wilson, had done a by no means inconsiderable quantity of such work in verse and prose. But Jeffrey really did underlie the accusation contained in the words. A great name in literature, nothing stands to his credit in permanent literary record but a volume (a sufficiently big one, no doubt<sup>1</sup>) of criticisms on the work of other men; and though this volume is only a selection from his actual writings, no further gleaning could be made of any different material. Even his celebrated, or once celebrated, "Treatise on Beauty" is only a review article, worked up into an encyclopædia article, and dealing almost wholly with pure criticism. Against him, if against any one, the famous and constantly repeated gibe about the fellows who have failed in literature and art, falls short and harmless. In another of its forms, "the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic," it might be more appropriate. For Jeffrey, as we know from his boyish letters, once thought, like almost every boy who is not an idiot, that he might be a poet, and scribbled verses in plenty. But the distinguishing feature in this case was, that he waited for no failure, for no public ridicule or neglect, not even for any private nipping of the merciful, but so

seldom effective, sort, to check those sterile growths. The critic was sufficiently early developed in him to prevent the corruption of the poet from presenting itself in its usual disastrous fashion to the senses of the world. Thus he lives (for his political and legal renown though not inconsiderable is comparatively unimportant) as a critic pure and simple.

His biographer, Lord Cockburn, tells us that "Francis Jeffrey, the greatest of British critics, was born in Edinburgh on October 23rd, 1773." It must be at the end, not the beginning, of this paper that we decide whether Jeffrey deserves the superlative. He seems certainly to have begun his critical practice very early. He was the son of a depute-clerk of the Court of Session, and respectably, though not brilliantly, connected. His father was a great Tory, and, though it would be uncharitable to say that this was the reason why Jeffrey was a great Liberal, the two facts were probably not unconnected in the line of causation. Francis went to the High School when he was eight, and to the College at Glasgow when he was fourteen. He does not appear to have been a prodigy at either; but he has an almost unequalled record for early work of the self-undertaken kind. He seems from his boyhood to have been addicted to filling reams of paper, and shelves full of note-books, with extracts, abstracts, critical annotations, criticisms of these criticisms, and all manner of writing of the same kind. I believe it is the general experience that this kind of thing does harm in nineteen cases for one in which it does good; but Jeffrey was certainly a striking exception to the rule, though perhaps he might not have been so if his producing, or at least publishing, time had not been

<sup>1</sup> To prevent mistakes it may be as well to say that Jeffrey's "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review" appeared first in four volumes, then in three, then in one.



unusually delayed. Indeed, his whole mental history appears to have been of a curiously piecemeal character; and his scrappy and self-guided education may have conduced to the priggishness which he showed early, and never entirely lost, till fame, prosperity, and the approach of old age mellowed it out of him. He was not sixteen when his sojourn at Glasgow came to an end; and for more than two years he seems to have been left to a kind of studious independence, attending only a couple of law classes at Edinburgh University. Then his father insisted on his going to Oxford: a curious step, the reasons for which are anything but clear, for the paternal idea seems to have been that Jeffrey was to study not arts but law; a study for which Oxford may present facilities now, but which most certainly was quite out of its way in Jeffrey's time, and especially in the case of a Scotch boy of ordinary freshman's age.

It is painful to have to say that Jeffrey hated Oxford, especially because there are very few instances on record in which such hatred does not show the hater to have been a very bad man indeed. There are, however, some excuses for the little Scotchman. His college (Queen's) was not perhaps very happily selected: he had been sent there in the teeth of his own will, which was a pretty strong will: he was horrified, after the free-selection of Scotch classes, to find a regular curriculum which he had to take or leave as a whole: the priggishness of Oxford was not his priggishness, its amusements were not his amusements; and, in short, there was a general incompatibility. He came up in September and went down in July, having done nothing except having, according to a not ill-natured jest, "lost the broad Scotch, but gained only the narrow English,"—a peculiarity which sometimes brought a little mild ridicule on him both from Scotchmen and Englishmen.

Very soon after his return to Edinburgh, he seems to have settled down  
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steadily to study for the Scotch bar, and during his studies distinguished himself as a member of the famous Speculative Society, both in essay writing and in the debates. He was called on December 16th, 1794.

Although there have never been very quick returns at the bar either of England or Scotland, the smaller numbers of the latter might be thought likely to bring young men of talent earlier to the front. This advantage, however, appears to have been counterbalanced partly by the strong family interests which made a kind of aristocracy among Scotch lawyers, and partly by the influence of politics and of Government patronage. Jeffrey was, comparatively speaking, a "kinless loon"; and while he was steadily resolved not to put himself forward as a candidate for the Tory manna of which Dundas was the Moses, his filial reverence long prevented him from declaring himself a very violent Whig. Indeed, he gave an instance of this reverence which might serve as a pretty text for a casuistical discussion. Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, was in 1796 deprived by vote of that the most honourable position of the Scotch bar, for having presided at a Whig meeting. Jeffrey, like Gibbon, sighed as a Whig, but obeyed as a son, and stayed away from the poll. His days were certainly long in the land; but I am inclined to think that in a parallel case some Tories at least would have taken the chance of shorter life with less speckled honour. However, it is hard to quarrel with a man for obeying his parents; and perhaps, after all, the Whigs did not think the matter of so much importance as they affected to do. It is certain that Jeffrey was a little dashed by the slowness of his success at the bar. Towards the end of 1798 he set out for London with a budget of letters of introduction and thoughts of settling down to literature. But the editors and publishers to whom he was introduced did not know what

a treasure lay underneath the scanty surface of this Scotch advocate, and they were either inaccessible or repulsive. He returned to Edinburgh, and for another two years waited for fortune philosophically enough, though with lingering thoughts of England and growing ones of India. It was just at the turn of the century that his fortunes began in various ways also to take a turn. For some years, though a person by no means given to miscellaneous acquaintances, he had been slowly forming the remarkable circle of friends from whose combined brains was soon to start the Edinburgh Review. He fell in love, and married his second cousin, Catherine Wilson, on November 1st, 1801—a bold and by no means canny step, for his father was ill off, the bride was tocherless, and he says that he had never earned a hundred pounds a year in fees. They did not, however, launch out greatly, and their house in Buccleuch Place (not the least famous locality in literature) was furnished on a scale which some modern colleges, conducted on the principles of enforced economy, would think Spartan for an undergraduate. Shortly afterwards, and very little before the appearance of the Blue and Yellow, Jeffrey made another innovation, which was perhaps not less profitable to him, by establishing a practice in ecclesiastical causes; though he met with a professional check in his rejection, on party principles, for the so-called collectorship, a kind of reporter's post of some emolument and not inconsiderable distinction.

The story of the Edinburgh Review and its foundation has been very often told on the humorous, if not exactly historical, authority of Sydney Smith. It is unnecessary to repeat it. It is undoubted that the idea was Sydney's. It is equally undoubted that, but for Jeffrey, the said idea might never have taken form at all, and would never have retained any form for more than a few months. It was only Jeffrey's long-established habit of

critical writing, the untiring energy into which he whipped up his no doubt gifted but quite untrained contributors, and the skill which he almost at once developed in editing proper,—that is to say in selecting, arranging, adapting, and, even to some extent, re-writing contributions—which secured success. Very different opinions have been expressed at different times of the intrinsic merits of this celebrated production; and perhaps on the whole the principal feeling of explorers into the long and dusty ranges of its early volumes, has been one of disappointment. I believe myself that in similar cases a similar result is very common indeed, and that it is due to the operation of two familiar fallacies. The one is the delusion as to the products of former times being necessarily better than those of the present: a delusion which is not the less deluding because of its counterpart, the delusion about progress. The other is a more peculiar and subtle one. I shall not go so far as a very experienced journalist who once said to me commiseratingly, "My good sir, I won't exactly say that literary merit hurts a newspaper;" but there is no doubt that all the great successes of journalism for the last hundred years have been much more due to the fact of the new venture being new, of its supplying something that the public wanted and had not got, than to the fact of the supply being extraordinarily good in kind. In nearly every case, the intrinsic merit has improved as the thing went on, but it has ceased to be a novel merit. Nothing would be easier than to show that the early "Edinburgh" articles were very far from perfect. Of Jeffrey we shall speak presently, and there is no doubt that Sydney at his best was, and is always, delightful. But the blundering bluster of Brougham, the solemn ineffectiveness of Horner (of whom I can never think without also thinking of Scott's delightful Shandean jest on him), the respectable erudition of the Scotch professors, cannot for one single moment be com-

pared with the work which, in Jeffrey's own later days, in those of Macvey Napier, and in the earlier ones of Empson, was contributed by Hazlitt, Carlyle, Stephen, and, above all, by Macaulay. The Review never had any one who could emulate the ornateness of De Quincey or Wilson, the pure and perfect English of Southey, or the inimitable insolence, so polished and so intangible, of Lockhart. But it may at least claim that it led the way, and that the very men who attacked its principles and surpassed its practice had, in some cases, been actually trained in its school, and were in all, imitating and following its model. To analyse with chemical exactness the constituents of a literary novelty is never easy, if it is ever possible. But some of the contrasts between the style of criticism most prevalent at the time, and the style of the new venture are obvious and important. The older rivals of the "Edinburgh" maintained for the most part a decent and amiable impartiality: the "Edinburgh," whatever it pretended to be, was violently partizan, unhesitatingly personal, and more inclined to find fault the more distinguished the subject was. The reviews of the time had got into the hands either of gentlemen and ladies who were happy to be thought literary, and only too glad to write for nothing, or else into those of the lowest booksellers' hacks, who praised or blamed according to orders, wrote without interest and without vigour, and were only too glad to earn the smallest pittance. The "Edinburgh" started from the first on the principle that its contributors should be paid, and paid well, whether they liked it or not, thus establishing at once an inducement to do well and a check on personal eccentricity and irresponsibility; while whatever partizanship there might be in its pages, there was at any rate no mere literary puffery.

From being, but for his private studies, rather an idle person, Jeffrey became an extremely busy one. The Review gave him not a little occupa-

tion, and his practice increased rapidly. In 1803 the institution, at Scott's suggestion, of the famous Friday Club, in which for the greater part of the first half of this century the best men in Edinburgh, Johnstone and Maxwell, Whig and Tory, alike met in peaceable conviviality, did a good deal to console Jeffrey, who was now as much given to company as he had been in his early youth to solitude, for the partial breaking up of the circle of friends—Allen, Horner, Smith, Brougham, Lord Webb Seymour—in which he had previously mixed. In the same year he became a volunteer, an act of patriotism the more creditable that he seems to have been sincerely convinced of the probability of an invasion and of the certainty of its success if it occurred. But I have no room here for anything but a rapid review of the not very numerous or striking events of his life. Soon, however, after the date last mentioned, he met with two afflictions peculiarly trying to a man whose domestic affections were unusually strong. These were the deaths of his favourite sister in May, 1804, and of his wife in October, 1805. The last blow drove him nearly to despair; and the extreme and open-mouthed "sensitivity" of his private letters on this and similar occasions is very valuable as an index of character, oddly as it contrasts, in the vulgar estimate, with the supposed cynicism and savagery of the critic. In yet another year occurred the somewhat ludicrous duel, or beginning of a duel, with Moore, in which several police constables did perform the friendly office which Mr. Winkle vainly deprecated, and in which Jeffrey's, not Moore's, pistol was discovered to be leadless. There is a sentence in a letter of Jeffrey's concerning the thing which is characteristic and amusing: "I am glad to have gone through this scene, both because it satisfies me that my nerves are good enough to enable me to act in conformity to my notions of propriety without any suffering, and because it also assures me that I am really as

little in love with life as I have been for some time in the habit of professing." It is needless to say that this was an example of the excellence of beginning with a little aversion, for Jeffrey and Moore fraternized immediately afterwards and remained friends for life. The quarrel, or half quarrel, for it never was a personal one, with Scott as to Jeffrey's review of "*Marmion*," the planning and producing of the *Quarterly Review*, "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*," not a few other events of the same kind, must be passed over rapidly. About six years after the death of his first wife, he met and fell in love with a certain Miss Charlotte Wilkes, great-niece of the patriot, and niece of a New York banker, and of a Monsieur and Madame Simond, who were travelling in Europe. He married her two years later, having gone through the very respectable probation of crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic (he was a very bad sailor) in a sailing ship, in winter, and in time of war, to fetch his bride. Nor had he long been married before he took the celebrated country house of Craigcrook, where for more than thirty years he spent all the spare time of an exceedingly happy life. Then we may jump some fifteen years to the great Reform contest which gave Jeffrey the reward, such as it was, of his long constancy in opposition, in the shape of the Lord Advocateship. He was not always successful as a debater; but he had the opportunity of adding a third reputation to those which he had already gained in literature and in law. He had the historical duty of piloting the Scotch Reform Bill through Parliament, and he had the, in his case, pleasurable and honourable pain of taking the official steps in Parliament necessitated by the mental incapacity of Sir Walter Scott. Early in 1834 he was provided for by promotion to the Scotch Bench. He had five years before on being appointed Dean of Faculty, given up the editorship of the *Review*, which he had

held for seven and twenty years. For some time previous to his resignation, his own contributions, which in early days had run up to half a dozen in a single number, and had averaged two or three for more than twenty years, had become more and more intermittent. After that resignation he contributed two or three articles at very long intervals. He was perhaps more lavish of advice than he need have been to Macvey Napier, and after Napier's death it passed into the control of his own son-in-law, Empson. Long, however, before the reins passed from his own hands, a rival more galling if less formidable than the *Quarterly* had arisen in the shape of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The more ponderous and stately publication always affected, to some extent, to ignore its audacious junior; and Lord Cockburn perhaps instigated not more by prudence than by regard for Lockhart and Wilson, both of whom were living, passes over in complete silence the establishment of the magazine, the publication of the Chaldee manuscript, and the still greater hubbub which arose around the supposed attacks of Lockhart on Playfair and the "*Edinburgh*" reviewers generally with regard to their religious opinions.

These jars, however, were long over when Jeffrey became Lord Jeffrey and subsided upon the placid bench. He lived sixteen years longer, alternating between Edinburgh, Craigcrook, divers houses which he hired from time to time on Loch Lomond or the Clyde, and latterly at some English watering-places in the west. His health was not particularly good, though hardly worse than any man who lives to nearly eighty with constant sedentary and few out-of-door occupations, and with a cheerful devotion to the good things of this life, must expect. And he was on the whole singularly happy, being passionately devoted to his wife, his daughter, and his grandchildren: possessing ample means and making a cheerful and sensible use of them: seeing the increasing triumph of the

political principles to which he had attached himself: knowing that he was regarded by friends and foes alike as the chief living English representative of an important branch of literature; and retaining to the last an almost unparalleled juvenility of tastes and interests. His letters to Dickens are well known, and, though I should be very sorry to stake his critical reputation upon them, there could not be better documents for his vivid enjoyment of life. But all things come to an end, and he died on January 26th, 1850, in his seventy-seventh year, having been in harness almost to the very last. He had written a letter the day before to Empson describing one of those curious waking visions known to all sick folk, in which there had appeared part of a proof-sheet of a new edition of the *Apocrypha*, and a new political paper filled with discussions on Free Trade.

In reading Jeffrey's work<sup>1</sup> nowadays, the critical reader finds it considerably more difficult to gain and keep the author's own point of view than in the case of any other great English critic. With Hazlitt, with Coleridge, with Wilson, with De Quincey, with Carlyle, with Macaulay, we very soon fall into step, so to speak, with our author. If we cannot exactly prophesy what he will say on any given subject we can make a pretty shrewd guess at it; and when, as it seems to us, he stumbles and shies, we have a sort of feeling beforehand that he is going to do it, and a decided inkling of the reason. But, my own experience is, that a modern reader of Jeffrey who takes him systematically and endeavours to trace cause and effect in him, is liable to be constantly thrown out before he finds the secret. For Jeffrey in the most puzzling way lies

between the ancients and the moderns in matter of criticism, and we never quite know where to have him. It is ten to one, for instance, that the novice approaches him with the idea that he is a "classic," with all that shadowy term implies. Imagine the said novice's confusion when he finds Jeffrey not merely exalting Shakespeare to the skies, but warmly praising Elizabethan poetry in general, anticipating Mr. Matthew Arnold almost literally in the estimate of Dryden and Pope as "classics of our prose," and hailing with tears of joy the herald of the emancipation in Cowper. Surely our novice may be excused if, despite certain misgiving memories of such reviews as that of "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*," he concludes that Jeffrey has been maligned and that he was really a romantic before romanticism. Unhappy novice! he will find his new conclusion not less rapidly and more completely staggered than his old. Indeed, until the clue is once gained, Jeffrey must appear to be one of the most incomprehensibly inconsistent of writers and of critics. On one page he declares that Campbell's extracts from Chamberlayne's "*Pharonnida*" have made him "quite impatient for an opportunity of perusing the whole poem,"—romantic surely, quite romantic. "The tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift,"—romantic again, quite romantic. Yet when we come to Jeffrey's own contemporaries, he constantly appears as much bewigged and befogged with pseudo-classicism as M. de Jouy himself. He commits himself, in the year of grace 1829, to the statement that "the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth are melting fast from the field of our vision," while he contrasts with this "rapid withering of the laurel" the "comparative absence of marks of decay" on Rogers and Campbell. The poets of his own time whom he praises most heartily and with least reserve are Campbell and Crabbe; and he is quite as enthusi-

<sup>1</sup> In the following remarks reference is confined to the "*Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*," 1 vol. London: 1853. This is not merely a matter of convenience; the selection having been made with very great care by Jeffrey himself at a time when his faculties were in perfect order and including full specimens of every kind of his work.

astic over "Theodoric" and "Gertrude" as over the two great war-pieces of the same author, which are worth a hundred "Gertrudes" and about ten thousand "Theodorics." Reviewing Scott, not merely when they were personal friends (they were always that), but when Scott was a contributor to the "Edinburgh," and giving general praise to "The Lay," he glances with an unmistakable meaning at the "dignity of the subject," regrets the "imitation and antiquarian researches," and criticises the versification in a way which shows that he had not in the least grasped its scheme. It is hardly necessary to quote his well known attacks on Wordsworth; but, though I am myself anything but a Wordsworthian, and would willingly give up to chaos and old night nineteen twentieths of the "extremely valuable chains of thought" which the good man used to forge, it is in the first place quite clear that the twentieth ought to have saved him from Jeffrey's claws; in the second that the critic constantly selects the wrong things as well as the right for condemnation and ridicule; and in the third that he would have praised, or at any rate not blamed, in another the very things which he blames in Wordsworth. Even his praise of Crabbe, excessive as it must now appear to everybody but Mr. Courthope, is diversified by curious patches of blame which seem to me at any rate singularly uncritical. There are, for instance, a very great many worse jests in poetry than,

"Oh, had he learnt to make the wig he wears!"

—which Jeffrey pronounces a misplaced piece of buffoonery. I cannot help thinking that if Campbell instead of Southey had written the lines,

"To see brute nature scorn him and renounce  
Its homage to the human form divine,"

Jeffrey would, to say the least, not have hinted that they were "little better than drivelling." But I do not think that when Jeffrey wrote these things, or when he actually perpetrated such

almost unforgivable phrases as "stuff about dancing daffodils" he was speaking away from his sincere conviction. On the contrary, though partizanship may frequently have determined the suppression or the utterance, the emphasizing or the softening of his opinions, I do not think that he ever said anything but what he sincerely thought. The problem, therefore, is, to discover if possible and define the critical standpoint of a man whose judgment was at once so acute and so purblind; who could write the admirable surveys of English poetry contained in the essays on Mue. de Staël and Campbell, and yet be guilty of the stuff (we thank him for the word) about the "dancing daffodils"; who could talk of "the splendid strains of Moore" (though I have myself by no means a low opinion of Moore) and pronounce "The White Doe of Rylstone" (though I am not very fond of that animal as a whole) "the very worst poem he ever saw printed in a quarto volume"; who could really appreciate parts even of Wordsworth himself, and yet sneer at the very finest passages of the poems he partly admired. It is unnecessary to multiply inconsistencies, because the reader who does not want the trouble of reading Jeffrey must be content to take them for granted, and the reader who does read Jeffrey will discover them in plenty for himself. But they are not limited, it should be said, to purely literary criticism; and they appear, if not quite so strongly, in his estimates of personal character and even in his purely political arguments.

The explanation, as far as there is any (and perhaps such explanations, as Hume says of another matter, only push ignorance a stage further back), seems to me to lie in what I can only call the Gallicanism of Jeffrey's mind and character. As Horace Walpole has been pronounced the most French of Englishmen, so may Francis Jeffrey be pronounced the most French of Scotchmen. The reader of his letters, no less than of his essays, constantly comes across the most curious and



multiform instances of this Frenchness. The early priggishness is French: the effusive domestic affection is French: the antipathy to dogmatic theology, combined with general recognition of the Supreme Being, is French: the talk (I had almost said the chatter) about virtue and sympathy, and so forth, is French: the Whig recognition of the rights of man, joined to a kind of bureaucratic distrust and terror of the common people (a combination almost unknown in England) is French. Everybody remembers the ingenious argument in "Peter Simple," that the French were quite as brave as the English, indeed more so, but that they were extraordinarily ticklish. Jeffrey, we have seen, was very far from being a coward, but he was very ticklish indeed. His private letters throw the most curious light possible on the secret, as far as he was concerned, of the earlier Whig opposition to the war, and of the later Whig advocacy of reform. Jeffrey by no means thought the cause of the Revolution divine, like the Friends of Liberty, or admired Napoleon like Hazlitt, or believed in the inherent right of Manchester and Liverpool to representation like the zealots of 1830. But he was always dreadfully afraid of invasion in the first place, and of popular insurrection in the second; and he wanted peace and reform to calm his fears. As a young man he was, with a lack of confidence in his countrymen probably unparalleled in a Scotchman, sure that a French corporal's guard might march from end to end of Scotland, and a French privateer's boat's crew carry off "the fattest cattle and the fairest women" (these are his very words) "of any Scotch seaboard county." The famous, or infamous, Cevallos article—an ungenerous and pusillanimous attack on the Spanish patriots which practically founded the Quarterly Review, by finally disgusting all Tories and many Whigs with the "Edinburgh"—was, it seems, prompted merely by the conviction that the Spanish cause was hopeless, and that

maintaining it, or assisting it, must lead to mere useless bloodshed. He felt profoundly the crime of Napoleon's rule; but he thought Napoleon invincible, and so did his best to prevent him being conquered. He was sure that the multitude would revolt if reform was not granted; and he was, therefore, eager for reform. Later he got into his head the oddest crotchet of all his life, which was that a Conservative government, with a sort of approval of the people generally, and especially of the English peasantry, would scheme for a *coup d'état* (and his own words again) "make mincemeat of their opponents in a single year." He may be said almost to have left the world in a state of despair over the probable results of the Revolutions of 1848—9; and it is impossible to guess what would have happened to him if he had survived to witness the Second of December. Never was there such a case, at least among Englishmen, of timorous pugnacity and plucky pessimism. But it would be by no means difficult to parallel the temperament in France; and, indeed, the comparative frequency of it there may be thought to be no small cause of the political and military disasters of the country.

In literature, and especially in criticism, Jeffrey's characteristics were still more decidedly and unquestionably French. He came into the world almost too soon to feel the German impulse, even if he had been disposed to feel it. But, as a matter of fact, he was not at all disposed. The faults of taste of the German Romantic School, its alternate homeliness and extravagance, its abuse of the supernatural, its undoubted offences against order and proportion, scandalised him only a little less than they would have scandalised Voltaire and did scandalise the later Voltairians. Jeffrey was perfectly prepared to be romantic up to a certain point,—the point which he had himself reached in his early course of independent reading and criticism. He was even a little inclined to sym-

pathise with the reverend Mr. Bowles on the great question whether Pope was a poet; and, as I have said, he uses, about the older English literature, phrases which might almost satisfy a fanatic of the school of Hazlitt or of Lamb. He is, if anything, rather too severe on French as compared with English drama. Yet, when he comes to his own contemporaries, and sometimes even in reference to earlier writers, we find him slipping into those purely arbitrary severities of condemnation, those capricious stigmatisings of this as improper, and that as vulgar, and the other as unbecoming, which are the characteristics of the pseudo-correct and pseudo-classical school of criticism. He was a great admirer of Cowper, and yet he is shocked by Cowper's use, in his translation of Homer, of the phrases, "to entreat Achilles to a calm" (evidently he had forgotten Shakspeare's "pursue him and entreat him to a peace"), "this wrangler here," "like a fellow of no worth." He was certainly not likely to be unjust to Charles James Fox. So he is unhappy rather than contemptuous over such excellent phrases as "swearing away the lives," "crying injustice," "fond of ill-treating." These appear to Mr. Aristarchus Jeffrey too "homely and familiar," too "low and vapid;" while a harmless and rather agreeable Shaksperian parallel of Fox's seems to him downright impropriety. The fun of the thing is that the passage turns on the well-known misuse of "flat burglary"; and if Jeffrey had had a little more sense of humour (his deficiency in which, for all his keen wit, is another Gallic note in him), he must have seen that the words were ludicrously applicable to his own condemnation and his own frame of mind. These settings-up of a wholly arbitrary canon of mere taste, these excommunications of such and such a thing as "low" and "improper," without assigned or assignable reason, are evidently Gallic. They may be found not merely in the older school before

1830, but in almost all French critics up to the present day: there is perhaps not one, with the single exception of Sainte-Beuve, who is habitually free from them. The critic may be quite unable to say why *tarte à la crème* is such a shocking expression, or even to produce any important authority for the shockingness of it. But he is quite certain that it is shocking. Jeffrey is but too much given to protesting against *tarte à la crème*; and the reasons for his error are almost exactly the same as in the case of the usual Frenchman; that is to say, a very just and wholesome preference for order, proportion, literary orthodoxy, freedom from will-worship and eccentric divagations, unfortunately distorted by a certain absence of catholicity, by a tendency to regard novelty as bad merely because it is novelty, and by a curious reluctance, as Lamb has it of another great man of the same generation, to go shares with any new comer in literary commerce.

But when these reservations have been made, when his standpoint has been clearly discovered and marked out, and when some little tricks, such as the affectation of delivering judgments without appeal, which is still kept up by a few, though very few, reviewers, have been further allowed for, Jeffrey is a most admirable essayist and critic. As an essayist, a writer of *causeries*, I do not think he has been surpassed among Englishmen in the art of interweaving quotation, abstract, and comment. The best proof of his felicity in this respect is that in almost all the books which he has reviewed (and he has reviewed many of the most interesting books in literature) the passages and traits, the anecdotes and phrases which have made most mark in the general memory and which are often remembered with very indistinct consciousness of their origin, are to be found in his reviews. Sometimes the very perfection of his skill in this respect makes it rather difficult to know where he is abstracting or

paraphrasing, and where he is speaking outright and for himself; but that is a very small fault. But his merits as an essayist, though considerable, are not to be compared, even to the extent that Hazlitt's are to be compared, to his merits as a critic, and especially as a literary critic. It would be interesting to criticise his political criticism; but it is always best to keep politics out where it can be managed. Besides, Jeffrey as a political critic is a subject of almost exclusively historical interest, while as a literary critic he is important at this very day, and perhaps more important than he was in his own. For the spirit of merely æsthetic criticism, which was in his day only in its infancy, has long been full grown and rampant; so that, good work as it has done in its time, it decidedly needs chastening by an admixture of the dogmatic criticism, which at least tries to keep its impressions together and in order, and to connect them into some coherent doctrine and creed.

Of this dogmatic criticism Jeffrey, with all his shortcomings, is perhaps the very best example that we have in English. He had addressed himself more directly and theoretically to literary criticism than Lockhart. Prejudiced as he often was, he was not affected by the wild gusts of personal and political passion which frequently blew Hazlitt a thousand miles off the course of true criticism. He keeps his eye on the object, which De Quincey seldom does. He is not affected by that desire to preach on certain pet subjects which affects the admirable critical faculty of Carlyle. He never blusters and splashes about the place like Wilson. And he never, if one may make remarks on contemporaries and elders without impertinence, indulges in the mannered and rather superfluous graces, which mar, to some tastes, the very delightful and valuable work of Mr. Matthew Arnold.

Let us, as we just now looked through Jeffrey's work to pick out

the less favourable characteristics which distinguish his position, look through it again to see those qualities which he shares, but in greater measure than most, with all good critics. The literary essay which stands first in his collected work is on Madame de Staël. Now that good lady, of whom some of us in these days do not think very much, was a kind of goddess on earth in literature, however much she might bore them in life, to the English Whig party in general; while Jeffrey's French tastes must have made her, or at least her books, specially attractive to him. Accordingly he has written a great deal about her, no less than three essays appearing in the collected works. Writing at least partly in her lifetime and under the influences just glanced at, he is of course profuse in compliments. But it is very amusing and highly instructive to observe how in the intervals of these compliments he contrives to take the good Corinne to pieces, to smash up her ingenious Perfectibilism, and to put in order her rather rash literary judgments. It is in connection also with her that he gives one of the best of not a few general sketches of the history of literature which his work contains. Of course there are here, as always, isolated expressions as to which, however much we admit that Jeffrey was a clever man, we cannot agree with Jeffrey. He thinks Aristophanes "coarse" and "vulgar" just as a living pundit thinks him "base," while (though nobody of course can deny the coarseness) Aristophanes and vulgarity are certainly many miles asunder. We may protest against the chronological, even more than against the critical, blunder which couples Cowley and Donne, putting Donne, moreover, who wrote long before Cowley was born, and differs from him in genius almost as the author of the "Iliad" does from the author of the "Henriade," second. But hardly anything in English criticism is better than Jeffrey's discussion

of the general French imputation of "want of taste and politeness" to English and German writers, especially English. It is a very general, and a very mistaken notion that the romantic movement in France has done away with this imputation to a great extent. On the contrary, though it has long been a kind of fashion in France to admire Shakspeare, and though since the labours of MM. Taine and Montégut the study of English literature generally has grown and flourished, it is, I believe, the very rarest thing to find a Frenchman who in his heart of hearts does not cling to the old "pearls in the dung-heap" idea, not merely in reference to Shakspeare, but to English writers, and especially English humourists generally. Nothing can be more admirable than Jeffrey's comments on this matter. They are especially admirable because they are not made from the point of view of a "dishevelled romantic;" because, as has been already pointed out, he himself is largely penetrated by the very preference for order and proportion which is at the bottom of the French mistake; and because he is therefore arguing in a tongue understood of those whom he censures. Another essay which may be read with especial advantage is that on Scott's edition of Swift. Here, again, there was a kind of test subject, and perhaps Jeffrey does not come quite scatheless out of the trial: to me at any rate his account of Swift's political and moral conduct and character seems both uncritical and unfair. But here, too, the value of his literary criticism shows itself. He might very easily have been tempted to extend his injustice from the writer to the writings, especially since, as has been elsewhere shown, he was by no means a fanatical admirer of the Augustan age, and thought the serious style of Addison and Swift tame and poor. It is possible of course here also, both in the general sketch which Jeffrey, according to his custom, prefixes, and in the particular remarks on

Swift himself, to find what seem to be errors. For instance, to deny fancy to the author of the "Tale of a Tub," of "Gulliver," and of the "Polite Conversation," is very odd indeed. But there are few instances of a greater triumph of sound literary judgment over political and personal prejudice than Jeffrey's description, not merely of the great works just mentioned (it is curious, and illustrates his defective appreciation of humour, that he likes the greatest least and is positively unjust to the "Tale of a Tub"), but also of those wonderful pamphlets, articles, lampoons, skits (libels if any one likes), which proved too strong for the generalship of Marlborough and the administrative talents of Godolphin; and which are perhaps the only literary works that ever really changed for a not inconsiderable period the government of England. "Considered," he says, "with a view to the purposes for which they were intended, they have probably never been equalled in any period of the world." They certainly have not; but to find a Whig, and a Whig writing in the very moment of Tory triumph after Waterloo, ready to admit the fact, is not a trivial thing. Another excellent example of Jeffrey's strength, by no means unmixed with examples of his weakness, is to be found in his essays on Cowper. I have already given some of the weakness: the strength is to be found in his general description of Cowper's revolt, thought so daring at the time, now so apparently moderate, against poetic diction. These examples are to be found under miscellaneous sections, biographical, historical, and so forth; but the reader will naturally turn to the considerable divisions headed poetry and fiction. Here are the chief rocks of offence already indicated, and here also are many excellent things which deserve reading. Here is the remarkable essay already quoted on Campbell's specimens. Here is the criticism of Weber's edition of Ford, with another of those critical surveys of

the course of English literature which Jeffrey was so fond of doing and which he did so well, together with some remarks on the magnificently spendthrift style of our Elizabethan dramatists which would deserve almost the first place in an anthology of Jeffrey's critical beauties. The paper on Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespeare" (Hazlitt was an "Edinburgh" reviewer, and his biographer, not Jeffrey's, has chronicled a remarkable piece of generosity on Jeffrey's part towards his wayward contributor) is a little defaced by a patronising spirit, not, indeed, of that memorably mistaken kind which induced the famous and unlucky sentence to Macvey Napier about Carlyle, but something in the spirit of the schoolmaster who observes, "See this clever boy of mine, and only think how much better I could do it myself." Yet it contains some admirable passages on Shakespeare if not on Hazlitt; and it would be impossible to deny that its hinted condemnation of Hazlitt's "desultory and capricious acuteness" is just enough. On the other hand, how significant is it of Jeffrey's own limitations that he should protest against Hazlitt's sympathy with such "conceits and puerilities" as the immortal and unmatched,

"Take him and cut him out in little stars,"

with the rest of the passage. But there you have the French spirit. I do not believe that there ever was a Frenchman since the seventeenth century (unless perchance it was Gérard de Nerval, and he was not quite sane) who could put his hand on his heart and deny that the little stars were puerile and conceited.

There are many essays remaining on which I should like to comment if there were room enough. But I have only space for a few more general remarks on his general characteristics, and especially those which, as Sainte Beuve

said to the altered Jeffrey of our altered days, are "important to us." Let me repeat then, that the peculiar value of Jeffrey is not, as that of Coleridge, of Hazlitt, or of Lamb, in his very subtle, very profound, or very original views of his subjects. He is neither a critical Columbus nor a critical Socrates: he neither opens up undiscovered countries, nor provokes and stimulates to the discovery of them. His strength lies in the combination of a fairly wide range of sympathy with an extraordinary shrewdness and good sense in applying that sympathy. Tested for range alone, or for subtlety alone, he will frequently be found wanting; but he almost invariably catches up those who have thus outstripped him when the subject of the trial is shifted to soundness of estimate, intelligent connection of view, and absence of eccentricity. And it must be again and again repeated that Jeffrey is by no means justly chargeable with the Dryasdust failings so often attributed to academic criticism. They said that on the actual Bench he worried counsel a little too much, but that his decisions were on the whole invariably sound. Not quite so much perhaps can be said for his other exercise of the judicial function. But however much he may sometimes seem to carp and complain, however much we may sometimes wish for a little more equity and a little less law, it is astonishing how weighty Jeffrey's critical judgments are after three quarters of a century which has seen so many seeming heavy things grow light. There may be much that he does not see: there may be some things which he is physically unable to see; but what he does see, he sees with a clearness, and co-ordinates in its bearings on other things seen with a precision which are hardly to be matched among the fluctuating and diverse race of critics.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## AT LITTLE GIDDING.

I WAS staying lately for a short time in Huntingdonshire, and finding that I was within an easy ride of the Three Giddings—Great Gidding, Steeple Gidding, and Little Gidding—I determined to take advantage of the opportunity which offered itself of paying a visit to the little church and manor which the devotion and piety of Nicholas Ferrar rendered so famous in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. It may be interesting to recall some details of the life of this remarkable man, whose father, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, had been an intimate friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir John Hawkins; and who was himself closely attached to George Herbert, Richard Crashaw, Archbishop Laud, and Bishop Williams.

Nicholas Ferrar was born in London on February 22nd, 1592. While still a child he displayed an exceptionally thoughtful and serious disposition, and being remarkably quick, intelligent, and industrious, he was sent to school at Euborne in Berkshire at the early age of six. Here he stayed until he was thirteen, having obtained no slight proficiency in Greek and Latin, writing and arithmetic, logic, shorthand, and music. He was then entered at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where, after a most distinguished career, he graduated in his nineteenth year and was elected to the Physic Fellowship. In this position, however, which must have been entirely congenial to his tastes, he was not long to remain. His health, which had always been delicate, completely gave way. He suffered from severe attacks of ague, which the Cambridgeshire climate tended to aggravate: change of air alone, he was assured, could benefit

him; and so, in the spring of 1613, having taken his Master's degree, he left Cambridge for Holland as a gentleman-in-waiting on the Princess Elizabeth, who was travelling to the Palatinate with the Palsgrave her husband, and to whom Nicholas had been presented by Dr. Scot, the Master of Clare.

He accompanied the royal suite, however, only as far as Amsterdam. Thence he continued his travels alone, passing through the principal towns of Saxony, Germany, and Italy, and finally sailing from Venice to Spain. He spent some time at the courts of the different nations, carefully observing and noting down their different customs, and making a special study of the religious peculiarities which distinguished them both in doctrine and discipline. His health varied much during this period, and he was not seldom completely prostrated with ague; nor did he escape the adventures and risks incident to a traveller in those days, frequently finding it necessary to assume disguises. At length, in 1618, he returned to England, being then twenty-six years of age, and spent some time with his parents in London. He found his elder brother John acting as King's Counsel for the colony of Virginia; but when, very shortly afterwards, John was made Deputy-Governor under Sir Edward Sandys, Nicholas accepted his brother's late duties, in the discharge of which he displayed such consummate aptitude and knowledge, that in 1622 he was raised by unanimous consent to the position of Deputy-Governor, which he held until the dissolution of the Virginia Company in 1624. Nicholas was then returned as a Member of Parliament: an honour which he soon



resigned, being wishful to devote the rest of his life to religious seclusion in retirement from the world.

With this end in view he looked about for a place suitable to his intention, and in 1624 purchased the lordship and manor of Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, the peaceful and sequestered situation of which promised to lend itself readily to his pious designs. The estate was small: the old manor-house (Gidding Hall, as it was called) in a sad state of decay, and the little chapel close by, then used as a barn, were almost the only buildings upon it. Here, with the aid of his mother, now seventy-three years of age (his father had died four years before), he set himself vigorously to work a reformation. The chapel was cleansed and repaired, and provided with everything necessary for the decent and orderly conduct of Divine Service. Permission was obtained from his old friend Bishop Williams of Lincoln for services to be performed; and an arrangement was made with the parish priest of Steeple Gidding to read Matins every day at eight o'clock, the Litany at ten, and Evensong at four.

Mrs. Ferrar now sent for her only daughter Susanna, who had married Mr. John Collet, of Bourn Bridge near Cambridge, and was the mother of eight sons and eight daughters, to come with her husband and family and form a kind of religious household. They did so; and in the year 1625, amid a scene of rare picturesqueness and sheltered beauty, the members of this united family entirely surrendered themselves to works of devotion, mortification, and active charity.

It was at this point that Mr. Ferrar decided to take Holy Orders. He felt that by so doing he would be able to render more legitimate assistance in the conduct of the worship and devotional exercises of the community, quite determining, however, not to proceed beyond the first order of the Anglican Ministry. Accordingly he

was ordained deacon by Dr. Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, but then Bishop of St. David's, on Trinity Sunday, 1626. On the same day he registered a vow "that, since God had so often heard his most humble petitions and delivered him out of many dangers, and in many desperate calamities had extended his mercy to him, he would give himself up continually to serve God to the utmost of his power in the office of a deacon, into which office he had that very morning been regularly ordained. That he had long ago seen enough of the manners and of the vanities of the world; and that he did hold them all in so low esteem that he was resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortification, in devotion and charity, and in a constant preparation for death." It appears that he had previously undertaken a vow of perpetual celibacy.

Mr. Ferrar now turned his attention to the decoration of the little church. It was first re-floored and panelled throughout: the altar, the pulpit and the reading-desk were provided with two sets of rich hangings and cushions,<sup>1</sup> some being of Mrs. Ferrar's own working—green for ferial, blue embroidered with gold and edged with lace for festival use. A brass font<sup>2</sup> standing on a graceful pedestal also of brass, surmounted by a cross, and a brass eagle for the lectern, were placed, the one near the pulpit on the north, and the other near the reading-desk on the south side of the chancel. The altar itself was of cedar: the vessels and ornaments of silver.

The old hall was next restored and adapted to the purposes of the religious community. A large room was set apart as the oratory for the common devotions of the family, and two smaller ones for night-oratories. To each inmate were allotted two small

<sup>1</sup> One of these may still be seen in the vestry.

<sup>2</sup> This has happily been preserved. It has a cover of quaint design round which *fleurs-de-lys* and crosses alternate. The cross has disappeared. In shape and decoration this font is, I believe, unique.

private rooms. Three larger ones were devoted to the use of the three resident teachers whom Mr. Ferrar retained for the purpose of giving instruction in music (vocal, instrumental, and theoretical), in English and Latin, and in writing and arithmetic. Another spacious room was reserved as a kind of book-laboratory and fitted up with machinery for rolling, pressing, and binding books. A large out-house was converted into a school-room for the gratuitous education of the children of the neighbouring parishes. Mottoes and texts of Scripture adorned the walls of each room; and a small brass plate engraved with the words, "House of Prayer," which still remains in its place, was affixed to the door of the church. Out of doors the gardens and orchards were tastefully laid out and reclaimed to their original beauty and use.

For the guidance of the household Mr. Ferrar drew up with great minuteness a table of rules. Each member had his or her own special duties to perform, and a special time for their performance. Everything was so arranged that nothing should be carried to excess. It was Mr. Ferrar's favourite maxim that "the golden mean, if one could only hit it, was the surest way to effect great things as well in spiritual as in temporal matters." Their common devotional exercises, their private prayers and meditations, their fasting and abstinence, were all arranged with a due regard to health; and the hours for the instruction and recreation of the younger members of the family were proportioned with a similar care. As the children of Mrs. Collet grew up they came under the more immediate influence of Mr. Ferrar, whose untiring energies were devoted to their spiritual advancement and welfare. Short services were drawn up for each hour of the day, consisting of a hymn, psalms, collects, and passages from the Gospels; and in order that these might be regularly recited without weariness, Mr. Ferrar divided such members of

the community as were willing into companies of three or four, appointing to each company certain hours with their proper Psalms: in this way the whole of the Psalter was repeated each day. The night too had its special devotions. A simultaneous twofold watch, one of men and the other of women, its members varying each night, took the hours from nine till one, and during that time repeated antiphonally the Psalms, occasionally singing a hymn to the accompaniment of the organs in the oratories. Of the prayers used by the family in their united devotions some were composed by Mr. Ferrar himself, others were translations from foreign devotional works, but all were written out. "Extemporary prayers," Mr. Ferrar used to say, "needed little other confutation than to take them in shorthand and show them some time after to those very men that had been so audacious to vent them. Ask their own judgments of them (for I think they will hardly know them again) and see if they do not blame them."

Cheerfulness, purity and love reigned at Little Gidding, the desire of all being simply to make themselves and others better. This was their aim: their method was founded on a loyal and willing adherence to the rules prescribed for their guidance by Mr. Ferrar. On the first Sunday in the month there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in their own little church at which Mr. Ferrar assisted as deacon, the celebrant generally being the priest from Steeple Gidding, or sometimes a visitor from Cambridge. Each Sunday morning the children of the surrounding parishes assembled at the Manor-house to repeat their psalms and to attend Divine Service in the church, whither they marched in procession. The order of this procession, which was regularly adhered to on weekdays as well as Sundays, was as follows:

"First, the three schoolmasters in black gowns and Monmouth caps: then Mrs.

Ferrar's grandsons, clad in the same manner, two and two: then her son Mr. John Ferrar, and her son-in-law, Mr. Collet, in the same dress: then Mr. Ferrar in surplice, hood, and square cap, sometimes leading his mother: then Mrs. Collet and all her daughters, two and two: then all the servants, two and two: the dress of all was uniform: then, on Sundays, all the psalm-children two and two. As they came into the church every person made a low obeisance, and all took their appointed places. The masters and gentlemen in the chancel: the youths knelt on the upper step of the half pace:<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Ferrar, her daughter, and all her granddaughters in a fair island seat. Mr. Nicholas Ferrar at coming in made a low obeisance: a few paces further, a lower; and at the half-pace, a lower still; then went into the reading-desk and read Matins according to the Book of Common Prayer. This service over, they returned in the same order and with the same solemnity."<sup>2</sup>

Dinner was then served, during which passages from Scripture or Ecclesiastical History were read aloud. At two o'clock Evensong was sung in the church, and was followed by the recital of Psalms in the oratory. At five or six they supped; and a hymn and Compline prayers brought the worship of the day to a close at eight o'clock, the hour for retiring to rest.

The hours of each day in the week were regularly divided and allotted to various kinds of work, spiritual exercises, and recreation. Four o'clock was the hour for rising, five for family prayers in the oratory: the Psalms of the hour were said at six, and followed by Matins in the church at half-past. At seven, and at each hour throughout the day, the proper Psalms were repeated by that company whose turn it might be. Breakfast was served at eight; and instruction followed until ten, the hour for Litany. Eleven was the dinner hour: recreation was permitted until one, when instruction was resumed. Evensong was sung in the church at four. In the winter the supper hour was five, and in the summer six: after supper all were

free until eight, when prayers were said in the oratory.

As soon as the daughters of Mrs. Collet were old enough they assumed in turns the superintendence of the household duties. They received, too, from Mr. Ferrar a practical training in surgery, employing their skill in the relief of all who needed it in the neighbourhood. The seven daughters who remained unmarried were known as "The Sisters," and assumed the names of the Chief, the Patient, the Cheerful, the Affectionate, the Submiss, the Obedient, the Moderate.

One of the most interesting occupations of the community was the construction, under the special direction of Mr. Ferrar, of "Harmonies of the Gospels."<sup>1</sup> These were produced by cutting out, and pasting together on large sheets of paper, portions of the narratives given by each Evangelist. So cleverly were the pieces fitted to one another, and the sheets bound together, that when finished the whole presented the appearance of being an original printed work. One of these Harmonies was so much admired by King Charles, who paid a visit to Little Gidding in May, 1633, that he begged for a copy to be made for his own use, and afterwards for a Harmony of the Books of Kings and Chronicles.

The spiritual exercises of Mr. Ferrar himself exceeded those of the other inmates of his Religious House. Two or three nights every week he spent in watching either in the church or in the oratory. On other nights he rose at one, being awakened from his short rest by the company whose watch had just terminated. His night-vigils were often participated in by pious friends from the neighbourhood, and by those guests whom the fame of the community attracted. Richard Crashaw particularly delighted to come over from Cambridge and join his friend in

<sup>1</sup> In this case, the step which formed the only division between the chancel and the body of the church.

<sup>2</sup> Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," v. 166.

<sup>1</sup> A description of the extant copies of these Harmonies, preserved in the British Museum and in the library of St. John's College, Oxford, will be found in "Two Lives of N. Ferrar," admirably edited by the Rev. (now Professor) J. E. B. Mayor, Cambridge, 1855.

these solemn hours of prayer and meditation. A considerable portion of his time was devoted by Mr. Ferrar to the composition of the essays, short biographies of the saints, historical sketches, and moral and devotional works, which were sometimes read aloud during meals, or used as textbooks for the younger members of the family. Ties of the closest friendship existed between Nicholas Ferrar and George Herbert: they always spoke of each other as brothers, and though personal meetings were rare, correspondence was frequent up to the time of George Herbert's death.

It was perhaps only to be expected that the exemplification of piety and strictness of life manifested at Little Gidding should provoke not only wonder and curiosity, but obloquy and malignant abuse. The Ferrars suffered alike from the misrepresentation of Puritans and of Roman Catholics; and although all their rules were cordially approved by Bishop Williams, who paid several visits to Little Gidding from his palace at Buckden, they were denounced on the one hand as Papists and on the other as Protestants, being in fact neither, but living in strict and loyal accordance with the doctrine and discipline of the Anglican Church.

Mrs. Ferrar died in 1635, and her son Nicholas survived her but two years. He passed away on the morning of December 4th, 1637, precisely as the clock struck one, his regular hour of rising for prayer and meditation.

The character of Nicholas Ferrar was a unique and many-sided one. In his earlier life he was at once Mathematician, Linguist, Physician, Barrister and Musician. He had been a Courtier, a Traveller, a Colonial Deputy-Governor and a Member of Parliament; and underneath all this versatility of intellect was a mind gifted with a spiritual faculty of the deepest earnestness. And at length when the imperious call, which most surely and certainly does come to some men, came to him and summoned

him to a life apart from the world—to the deepening of his own spirituality and to the direction of the spiritual life of others—he was not behind-hand in embracing the higher walk which leads to the "heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Brilliant as was the career of Nicholas Ferrar in the world, who shall say that his life did not shine with a brighter lustre in the self-renunciation of the Spiritual Director at Little Gidding?

After Mr. Ferrar's death the direction of the community was undertaken by his nephew Nicholas, the son of his elder brother John; but the exceptionally gifted genius of this young man (he was only twenty) was lost to the Church by his early death in May, 1640. The interesting connection between the King and Little Gidding, however, was not suffered to lapse. In the year 1646 Charles in his flight from Oxford came to Gidding a little after midnight in the early hours of May 2nd, and craved protection and concealment. For better security he was conducted to a house at Coppingford, whence he passed the next day on his way northwards. A window on the south side of the chapel commemorates this visit with the following inscription under the royal coat of arms, *Insignia Caroli Regis qui latitavit apud Ferrarios: 2 Maii, A.S. 1646.*<sup>1</sup> In the troublous times that followed, times fraught with danger alike to the church and the nation, Little Gidding was not spared. The family, forewarned of a meditated attack upon their retreat, managed by a timely flight to save their persons from violence; but the little church was rudely desecrated and robbed, the mansion plundered, and most of the literary works of the Ferrars ruthlessly destroyed. The members of this unique family—whose home was at once a Retreat, a College, a Sisterhood, and a Hospital, whose life was a Psalm and a Benevolence, whose

<sup>1</sup> There is another interesting window, on the north side, bearing the arms of Nicholas Ferrar with his motto *Ferre va Ferme.*"

energies for more than twenty years had been directed with noble-hearted self-abnegation to the advancement of God's glory by the example of a life of devout worship and of never-flagging sympathy with and care for their poorer brethren—were obliged to separate for safety. Ties of kindred, and those deeper ties which union in spiritual and eternal things alone can weld, were wrenched asunder never here to be re-united. As one stands on the green slope which marks the site of Gidding Hall, and recalls scene after scene of those days of bitter intolerance, only one feeling is possible—the feeling of pity: of pity alike for the persecuted and the persecutors.

It was on a beautiful day in summer that a friend and myself arranged to make our pilgrimage to Little Gidding. The sky was dappled with soft flakes of white cloud, and the midday stillness just ruffled by the few homely sounds of village life which the faint breeze wafted along as we rode out of the courtyard of a decayed but still imposing posting-inn, a relic of coaching days, and turned along the once frequented high road between London and York. The full light of the June sun was falling clear on the golden flats of Huntingdonshire; and that inner sympathy of the quietude and solemnity of Nature, always ready to respond to our highest moods or aspirations, seemed wonderfully near and real. Neither of us cared for conversation, and we rode on mile after mile in silence. Turning out of the high road at Alconbury we lost sight of the numerous church spires which just before were to be seen dotting the landscape around us. Next we caught a glimpse of Coppingford, where the home of the loyal Roman Catholic afforded shelter and hiding to the royal fugitive stumbling through the fields with a lantern and a single guide on that dark May night which preceded his surrender to the Scottish Army. A turn in the lane

revealed the grey tower of Hammerton church, as yet half hidden by the tall sprays of blowing dog-roses which tinted the dark hedge-rows with a livelier green and blushing white. But we left Hammerton buried amongst the beeches and willows for another day's exploration, and turned to the right along a gently rising road flanked by low hedges bounding yellow fields, in one of which some half-dozen busy mowers lent a charm of human life to the otherwise unbroken stillness of the landscape. A little further, and an old white gate creaked on its hinges as we turned into the ancient manorial estate of the Ferrars, and received the keys of the little church readily offered to us by the clerk. We passed down the hedge-side through a couple of gates, and then on our left, standing in the shade of a cluster of beeches, was the small but beautifully proportioned chapel. Within a stone's throw formerly stood the old mansion fronting south-east; but no remains of it are to be seen, though the raised pathway which led from its entrance to the church-door is still traceable. We left our horses to wander in the meadow, and as we stood gazing, the sweet glory of the June sun was falling aslant on the old red brick and grey lichened stone of the south wall; and the tall grass in the graveyard, swayed by the breeze, was full of colour and beauty. In the calm and peace of the scene one's soul seemed to be hallowed by the realisation of perfect solitude and repose, while the picture of the pure and holy life of the "Nuns of Little Gidding" rose up before one's imagination, compelling sympathy and homage.

We opened the wooden wicket, and, treading softly over the stones in the centre of the path which tell of the last resting-place of John Collet and of his daughter Susanna, we paused before the closed door to read the legend above—"This is none other than the House of God and the Gate of Heaven." Surely here, if anywhere,

the Presence of God could be revealed! We entered, and the closed door seemed to shut us in to a holier sanctuary and to a nearer realisation of the unseen. The sunlight faintly streamed in through the coloured glass of the illuminated arms of the royal coat of Charles; and the half-tints glimmered on the brass of the font and the eagle and the mural tablets of John Ferrar and Susanna Collet. Sinking into one of the oak stalls, which range along the walls as in a college chapel, one's thoughts wandered backwards over the many changes witnessed by that small shrine. Its restoration by Nicholas Ferrar, with the night-vigils, the psalmody, the meditations, the celebrations at the raised and beautiful altar decked with lights and flowers, the lowly reverence, the mysterious Presence, the hush of adoration, and the light of God in the soul. Then, its desecration by the heavy-handed Puritan rabble: the breaking up of the little community, and the silenced Prayer-book unheard for fifteen years. Again, a gleam of joyous brightness at the Restoration; and again, a period of lax services and gloom.

Ah (so ran one's thoughts), surely one might live unspotted from the world amid these hallowed

scenes, toiling for others, for the poor, the sick, the needy, and the sinful: growing more and more into the heavenly life, following the Divine Type in the true union of the active with the contemplative: aiming at the perfection of life in the combination of work and worship—of worship which is work, and of work which is worship: progressing very slowly perhaps over the thorny and stony path, but still and ever advancing to a clearer entrance into that life eternal which is the knowledge of our fellowship with the True God in His revelation of Himself through Jesus Christ.

My friend had wandered out into the graveyard, and as I roused myself from my musings to join him, the sun was half overshadowed by a dark cloud. "Tis a two-fold omen," I said, as we rode slowly away through the long grass, past the orchards and beeches to the old gate and the road, "'tis a two-fold omen: the future of the Anglican Church will be none the less bright for its late period of gloom; and not dimmer but the more transcending will be the Eternal Glory that shall be revealed in us that we dwell for a moment in the half-lights of Time."

T. HERBERT BINDLEY.



## INVENTION AND IMAGINATION.

THERE is a certain interesting point of critical analysis which may be stated thus: what is the work of invention, and what the work of imagination, in the arts of poetry and romance? And in what writers does the one faculty predominate over the other; and with what result?

The first part of the question is not very obscure. Whether in poem or novel, invention, broadly speaking, makes the plot. It makes the outline of the story: it thinks out the course of the events: it sets the scenes. It resolves, in short, on what shall happen. It decrees that Achilles shall drag Hector round the walls of Troy, that Don Quixote shall tilt against the windmill, that Ferdinand shall play at chess with Miranda in the cave, that Ravenswood shall be swallowed up in the quicksand. Invention determines that such events shall happen; but in the case of the finest work it attempts to go no further. It has proposed the scene: the power which sets the scene like life before the inward eye, the graphic touch which makes it unforgettable, belong, of right, to the imagination alone.

If invention sets itself to attempt what only imagination can perform, it will produce a piece of stage-property, or a puppet, dead and cold. And the reason for this is obvious. For invention, at the best, can only think out, with painful intellectual workings, what details seem most likely to suit the circumstances. But imagination is the faculty which "bodies forth the forms of things." It sees the scene before it, with all its details visibly presented, and has nothing more to do than to set down such of these as strike it most—which are precisely those which invention never would have thought of, though it had vexed its brain till doomsday.

As we turn over the leaves of the great poets, examples crowd upon us. We may take one out of "The Inferno"—one out of hundreds. It is that of the sinner pulled writhing out of the boiling pitch by the hook of Graffiacane, naked, black, and glistening. "He looked to me," says Dante, briefly, "like an otter."

We open Milton. There are the hosts of the fallen angels, a thousand demi-gods on golden seats, rising together in applause as Satan ends his speech; and forthwith there comes the revealing touch of the imagination:

"Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote."

We turn to Marlowe:

"Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,  
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,  
Shall bathe him in a spring;"

—a piece of imagery which invention could never have devised, most delicately painted, and as true as it is beautiful. In truth the "realms of gold" are full of such examples. But we have another reason for thus beginning with the poets. There is no difficulty here in identifying the work of the imagination for what it is. But when we turn from these to works which seek to paint the scenes of daily life, a certain difficulty appears. We can no longer always be sure that we have caught the imagination working. In the instances above given the imageries described were such as the eye of the body never saw, but only the eye of the mind; so that the result must be the work of imagination only, and not of actually observed and recollected fact. We know that it was in the mind's eye only that Dante ever saw a sinner pulled out of a dyke of pitch by the prong of a winged demon; that

Marlowe saw Diana's golden hair float over its own golden shadow; or that Milton beheld the hosts of applauding angels rise up together from their golden thrones. But we do not know that Dickens had not actually seen, and recollected, Mrs. Gamp rubbing her nose backwards and forwards along the warm bar of the fender, or Mr. Montague Tigg diving for his shirt-collar and bringing up a string.

The difficulty, however, is only on the surface. We cannot, it is true, be sure that these particular incidents were not observed; but it is enough for us to know that they were not invented. They are either the life-like work of the imagination, or they are life itself. Nor is there any reason why, in the nature of things, they should not have been the work of the imagination only; for though, if they were so, they are wonderful examples, yet they are not at all more wonderful than those from Dante and Marlowe above cited. The sinner dangling on the prong of Graffiacane, is just as vivid a picture as Mr. Tigg bringing up his string.

The fact is, however, that though any single graphic touch may be the result of observation, neither Dickens, nor any other writer of imagination, ever takes a whole character direct from life. And this is one sure mark of the imaginative mind: it may copy life in places; but it can do without copying when it will, and yet be graphic and alive.

We may observe, in passing, one result of this which is not immediately connected with our purpose. The writer of imagination, not being bound within the limits of his own circle of acquaintance, but being free to wander whithersoever he will, seems to have lived in a world in which the people are all worth describing. What this means we shall perhaps be better able to realise if we turn to the work of novelists who confessedly despise imagination, and who set themselves to copy ordinary life without it. Mr. Howells is the type of these. We

open one of his books, and immediately find ourselves in the presence of people who are, it is true, exactly like life, but trivial and insipid to a dire degree: people who have as little in common with Becky Sharp, or Dalgetty, or Paul Emanuel, as tepid water with champagne: poor creatures, fit for nothing but to be read about languidly, and then swept into some dust-hole of the mind, and forgotten. And, observe, this must be so. For a novelist who can do nothing but describe from life, cannot, even if he has been exceptionally fortunate, have known very many people worth describing. And it is not enough that a character shall be life-like: it must possess some spark of interest also, or be doomed "to lie in cold obstruction and to rot."

How, then, does imagination act, not in the vivid presentment of a scene, but in the drawing of character? We shall find, on reflection, that it acts by identifying itself so intensely with the persons it depicts, that it knows instinctively exactly what, under the given conditions, each must say and do; which, as before, are just those things which invention could not have discovered—being such as come by intuition, not by thought.

Perhaps we cannot do better, by way of illustration, than take Dante's description of the Centaur Chiron, whom he met on the brink of the river of blood, galloping at the head of his troop, and shooting his arrows at the tyrants and assassins, whenever they ventured to emerge from the red waves. On catching sight of Dante and Virgil coming across the coast from the ruined cliffs, what are the first words that Chiron utters? Let us try to realise, for a moment, what words he was likely to utter. What were the circumstances of the scene?

The troop of Centaurs, perceiving the two figures approaching down the shore, and supposing them to be two sinners condemned to be plunged into the river of blood, stand still, while one of their number hails them in a loud voice, and demands to know in

what depth of the river Minos has condemned them to stand. Chiron is silent. His eyes, perhaps sharper than those of his comrades, have been caught by a circumstance which the others have not observed, but which seems to him very surprising. One of the approaching figures, as he steps on the loose pebbles of the shore, moves them with his feet: the other does not. Now the spirits of the Inferno have no weight, and their feet move nothing on which they tread. One of the figures is therefore a spirit—but the other, what is he? Chiron has never seen such a phenomenon since he was appointed to watch over the sinners in the river of blood. His astonishment is so great that he says nothing whatever to the strangers as they come up, but turns to his companions: "Do you see that the feet of the one behind move the stones he treads on? No spirit's ever did so!"

The surprise of the old Centaur was, observe, not only natural in the circumstances, but inevitable. He must have felt just so. But neither his surprise, nor the cause of it, could have been discerned by any mental process which can be analysed. It was discerned by instinct, by intuition: in other words, by imagination alone.

Just in the same manner do all the great imaginative writers produce their characters. Never, in the whole course of her story, does *Beatrice Esmond*, for example, say, or think, or do, anything but what, her character and her surroundings being what they are, she must have said, or thought, or done. *Beatrice* and her compeers in the world of fiction have a common origin with Dante's Chiron.

On the other hand, a character which has neither been imagined nor observed, but invented, has features of its own. Its sayings and doings seem to have no touch of the inevitable. It might say or do anything, and the reader would experience no surprise; for having no character, properly speaking, it cannot do anything out of character. This kind of puppet is

most conspicuously present, as might have been expected, in the works of the sensational novelists, who depend entirely on invention. As, however, we prefer to examine the operations of invention at its best, we will not dwell on these. We will take the case of Hawthorne.

Nothing in all literature is, to certain minds, more curiously irritating than Hawthorne's characters. They are the productions of invention only; but they come just so near to being living creatures that their constant lapses into unreality, both of speech and action, only trouble and perplex the mind the more. If we take our eyes from the characters themselves, and fix them, however carelessly, on the process by which they were constructed, we see, at once, invention at its work. They have been pieced together, as the monster of Frankenstein was pieced together, with toil and anxious thought; and the marks of the process are everywhere visible upon them. In stories of the supernatural this is less felt; but when, as in "*The Blithedale Romance*," and "*The Scarlet Letter*," men and women are displayed, we confess that to us the result has something in it singularly repelling. *Beatrice Rappaccini* among her poisonous flowers, beautiful and deadly as themselves, is to us much more of a real being than *Priscilla*, or *Miles Coverdale*, or the Rev. *Arthur Dimsdale*, or (above all) little *Pearl*. The opinion will not be popular with Hawthorne's admirers; but we consider him, on the whole, the best example existing of what invention can do, and of what, out of its sphere, it cannot do.

If, now, we go forth in fancy into the world of fiction, and look round us, we shall find that some of the greatest writers have done their finest work without invention, but never without imagination. Probably the two finest novels in our language, after Scott's, are "*David Copperfield*" and "*Vanity Fair*." The two have scarcely anything in common. They must not

be compared together. Each has, like wine, the tang of its own soil. But they agree in this, that each has been produced almost without invention having had a hand in the design. Neither has any plot worth speaking of. Invention is not present, even in its own domain: much less does it intrude into the creation of the characters. And this case often happens. Minds of extreme imaginative power often seem to love to throw the reins upon the neck of impulse, and to let the wild-winged steed fly with them where it will.

Invention may be driven, but imagination cannot be. Thackeray and Dickens lived to write at a time when imagination had grown weak and invention was compelled to take its place—with a result that gives us "Little Dorrit" and "The Adventures of Philip." The case of Scott is even more striking. Compare "The Bride of Lammermoor," the most artistic novel in the world, which has invention and imagination both, with "Castle Dangerous," which, though it was written at a period when Scott was only half alive, has invention still. It is the magic of imagination that is wanting.

If—still with the object of comparing the two faculties in value—we turn to Shakespeare, as the sovereign arbiter whose example must decide all issues, we find that he appears to treat invention with some disdain. He takes his plots ready-made, and seems to care next to nothing for "situations" in comparison with men. The imagination which produced the character of Hamlet is so great as to be perhaps almost too deep for art. It puzzles us, as Nature does. We do not understand the mind of Hamlet: he does not understand it himself; yet no character was ever drawn more human and alive. And yet the very crisis of his fate is brought about by a shift on which a modern playwright would have disdained to hang the fate

of one of his rag-dolls—the interchange of foils in fencing. That Shakespeare could have devised a better scheme, if he had cared to do it, we may take for granted. We are therefore forced to the conclusion that he did not care.

Are we, then, to conclude, from these considerations, that invention is to be despised? Far from it. In its own domain it is a power. We owe "The Arabian Nights" almost to it alone. "Gulliver," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Pilgrim's Progress," could not have been produced without its active aid; nor, indeed, could some far mightier works, "Paradise Lost," or "The Inferno." But when it comes to making men and women, Centaurs and archangels, breathe and live, invention either stands aside in modesty, or toils and fails.

Solomon (so runs the apologue) was one day musing in his garden, at the fifth hour of the day, when there appeared to him two Spirits, who bowed down before him, and besought him to judge, by his wisdom, which of them was the most powerful. Solomon consented, and commanded the first Spirit to display his might. The Spirit took a piece of rock, and smote with it upon a larger block: again, and yet again, the blows fell; and slowly, as the Spirit toiled, the block assumed the figure of a man. And the man sat motionless and moved not; because he was of rock. Then Solomon signed with his finger to the other Spirit. And he stepped towards the man of rock, and breathed upon his eyes, and upon his feet, and upon his heart. And the man rose up as if from sleep, and moved, and bowed down at the feet of Solomon; for he had become a living thing. Then the first Spirit drooped and trembled; but the eyes of the other shone like light, and he laughed so gloriously with triumph, that at the sound of his laughter Solomon awoke; and behold, it was a dream.

## MILNER'S MISTAKE.

## PART I.

"THE HERMITAGE,  
"LEATHERHEAD."

"MY DEAR MR. MILNER,—We have taken this place for the summer and autumn. Can you manage to come down to us on Saturday, and stay till Monday? I hope to have a *very* charming girl staying here about that time, who is a most enthusiastic admirer of your pictures, and whom I have promised that she shall make your acquaintance, so do come if you possibly can, as I particularly want you to meet her. You shall be told all about the trains and things as soon as I know that you are able to pay us a visit.

"Yours sincerely,  
"ALICIA ROSSITER."

Frank Milner had accepted, although the reference to the fellow-visitor left him, like Pet Marjorie's John, "more than usual calm," and he did not, as a younger man might have done, waste any time in constructing a possible romance with that note for his foundation. He could not help being aware, nevertheless, that the reference indicated that one more scheme was on foot for reclaiming him from his state of bachelorship. Mrs. Rossiter was fond of arranging her friends' lives for them—a pastime in which she might have been more successful had she deigned to employ tactics that were rather less obvious. As it was, the birds she proposed to cage were more frequently taken into her confidence than her nets—a result which never failed to fill her with the utmost surprise.

Hitherto, her designs had been without effect on Milner, partly for the reason aforesaid, partly from a fundamental difference of opinion between them respecting the charms most calculated to appeal to him. He was neither a woman-hater nor a confirmed bachelor; but it had so happened that, in more than one case, the woman

who might have brought him happiness had preferred another; and, as time passed, each glimpse of his lost divinity left him more reconciled to his rejection. He found life pleasant enough; and, on the whole, it would have been difficult to find a bachelor less alive to his forlorn condition than Milner as he was on the afternoon appointed for his visit.

Mrs. Rossiter and her other guest were having their tea under a big ilex on the lawn when Milner was seen coming towards them from the garden-front of the house. "Why will he wear that beard?" cried Mrs. Rossiter in a plaintive undertone; "it makes him look *fifty*."

"*So* pleasant of you to come," she said, as he joined them. "Isn't this weather *too* heavenly? Sit down and you shall have some tea. Mr. Milner, Miss Lascelles."

He had almost forgotten that he was not to be the only visitor; but now he remembered the terms of his invitation with a sense that for once Mrs. Rossiter had not provided one of her grotesque disappointments. Whatever else this girl might be, she was unquestionably entitled to be described as charming: no one could help being so who possessed a perfect profile, shapely head, and abundant hair of that bronzed chestnut shade. He felt a painter's pleasure in looking at her, a distinct self-congratulation at the prospect of spending some twenty hours or so in her society. Further than that he did not look. He cherished no illusions about himself, and fully recognised that this latest project of Mrs. Rossiter's was (though for very different reasons) as hopeless as its predecessors; and its unsuitability would have irritated him more had there not been a secret flattery in the

fact that it could be seriously entertained. Still he hoped that she had taken more pains than she had done in his own case to screen her purpose from Miss Lascelles, who certainly seemed unconscious enough at present. He was not altogether sure that he liked her. She was very lovely, certainly; but he had an impression that she was cold, if not disdainful, until she happened to smile, when he was forced to abandon that idea as altogether untenable.

Presently Mrs. Rossiter rose. "If you will come with me, I will show you where we have put you," she said. "Celia, dear, you won't mind being left alone for a few minutes, will you?"

They were no sooner out of hearing than Mrs. Rossiter began: "You remember what I said in my letter about the girl I wanted you to meet?"

"Perfectly," he said, with a return of his first irritation. It was really too bad that she should begin to catechise him upon his impressions as soon as this! He thought she might have shown more tact.

"Well," she continued, "I'm so disappointed about it; but she couldn't come after all!"

Then that graceful girl in the low chair over there had not been designed for him. So much the better: he need feel no constraint now in her presence. Yet he felt vaguely dissatisfied, and there was some want of heartiness in his expressions of disappointment.

"You would be sorrier still if you could see her," said Mrs. Rossiter, with more truth than she was quite aware of. "Valeria Blewitt is such a very accomplished girl, knows so much about art, talks so well—you would have been so charmed with her! She's exactly my idea of what a nice girl ought to be. I say a girl, but I suppose she must be about your own age." [Milner is thirty-four, as she knows, though he looks rather younger.] "And really, of an evening, when she's interested, her face lights up so won-

derfully that no one could ever call her plain."

Somehow, Milner does not feel greatly moved by this description of a person whose face required illuminating every evening, like a public clock, before it could be studied to any advantage.

"It's such a pity, but you must come here again, that's all; and if you don't lose your heart to her, I shall give you up as a hopeless case. This time, I'm afraid you must be content with looking on at other people's little romances. Did you happen to notice my pretty Miss Lascelles?"

"The lady under the ilex?" he asked, as if a Celia Lascelles were to be found under every tree in the grounds. "I noticed her—yes."

"Well—this is *quite* between ourselves, of course—but I've asked Nugent Pinkney down for the Sunday, expressly on her account. He ought to be here now, but you never can depend on the dear fellow. Don't you know him? He's quite charming, and so good-looking and clever; and he's been immensely struck with her all the season, so they tell me. I have been out so little this year that I did not see much of it myself; but I hear he goes everywhere where she's at all likely to be met—and that sort of thing always impresses a girl, you know. So I thought, if I could get them both down here for a couple of days, matters would be precipitated: so many more opportunities in a place like this. And how delightful it would be if it could all be settled in this visit—wouldn't it?"

"Very," he agreed, but with no enthusiasm.

"You mustn't think me a desperate match-maker. But really, when one sees such quantities of ill-assorted unions, I consider it's a positive duty to help on one that's at all promising. So you will have something to interest you while you are here, and you ought to be very grateful to me."

Milner's gratitude was but of a qualified kind. In the course of that



short walk the light seemed to have faded out of the landscape: "the sky was deranged—summer had stopped;" yet he found it hard to account to himself for this sudden gloom, and set it down to wounded vanity. Perhaps it was strange that he should take this so much to heart, considering that he had known from the first how unlikely it was that he should attract the liking of such a girl as this Miss Lascelles; but then, however deeply one may feel one's own deficiencies, it is seldom soothing to find them calmly taken for granted by another. He smiled rather drearily on detecting himself in this little weakness, for of course it was nothing more serious—how could it be in connection with a girl with whom he had not exchanged a dozen sentences, a girl of whose very existence he had been only aware about half an hour! So, by the time he was ready for tennis, he had argued himself into a certain interest in watching the final stage of an idyll in which Celia Lascelles was to figure.

He came down to find Rossiter tightening the net, and Miss Lascelles standing by it, swinging her racket with a pretty impatience.

"That high enough for you, Miss Lascelles? Ha, Milner, how are you? Now, about sides? Miss Lascelles and I against the wife and you, eh?"

Much to Milner's chagrin, he found himself playing indifferently that afternoon: he was rather too anxious to play his best, and then, too, his eyes were principally engaged in following Miss Lascelles' movements, which were all dexterity and grace. She looked like some Greek maiden. He wished he could paint her as Nausicaa, and, as he thought of it, one more of her rapid services slipped under his racket.

"Hullo, Milner!" called out Rossiter. "You're not in your usual form—advancing years, eh? Find yourself, like me, no match for these young people!"

For the moment Milner felt less than cordial towards his host; but the

remark at least roused him to better directed energy and he missed no more.

As the afternoon drew on, he began to consider the possibility of Pinkney's failing to turn up. He was apparently a casual man, with a reputation for forgetting engagements which it is occasionally expedient to maintain—he might not know whom he was to meet. The painter felt that he could bear the young man's absence without repining, and when at last wheels were heard on the gravel at the front of the house, they jarred his nerves to a most unusual degree.

Rossiter left the lawn to go and welcome the new arrival, and while they were waiting Milner stole a glance at Miss Lascelles' face, which, as he noticed with something of relief, seemed indifferent enough to disarm jealousy itself. When Rossiter returned, Milner was obliged to own that in point of looks this Mr. Nugent Pinkney was well able to realise the most exacting ideal. He was a remarkably good-looking young fellow, rather above the middle height, and his manner had a pleasant boyishness, a graceful effusion, as he came towards them.

"How are you, dear Mrs. Rossiter? You can't imagine how awfully glad I am to see you! And *what* a place! To come down here, after beating one's wings against horrid bricks and railings for all these weeks! Miss Lascelles!" (and his face coloured, but quite becomingly, with surprise and pleasure.) "Why, it's æons since we met—æons!"

"Last Monday, wasn't it?" she said, putting out her hand with a little smile.

"I said æons! Now, Mrs. Rossiter, I'm not going to do a single other thing till I've seen the dear children. At tea, are they? Then I'll go and have tea with them. Yes, and they shall give me some of their milk in a nice little mug. I *must* have milk out of a mug again!"

"Dear fellow!" exclaimed Mrs.

Rossiter, when he had rushed off impulsively to find the schoolroom: "isn't he too delightfully fresh? And so clever with it all! You know he's private secretary to Lord Ningwood, and sure to be in Parliament at the next elections! Of course you've read his poems, Mr. Milner? No, really! Oh, he's written some things which are really quite sweet—the least bit naughty perhaps, but he was at Oxford then. And you might almost take some of them for Swinburne or Rossetti—if you didn't *know*, you know!"

A little later the poet reappeared, holding a child by each hand.

"No, indeed, I won't play, thanks," he called out in answer to Rossiter's offer to surrender himself racket; "the children and I are going to sit in the shade and tell one another stories."

"It's quite wonderful how he's fascinated those children," whispered Mrs. Rossiter across the net to Celia.

"Is he so fond of children?" she said, with what struck Milner as a touch of pique.

"Perfectly raves about them, and worships babies."

It seemed to Milner that the children, with whom Pinkney had now grouped himself picturesquely, were not appearing wholly at their ease, and had rather an air of cramped resignation; but then he was perhaps unconsciously prejudiced.

"There," said Mrs. Rossiter at the end of the conqueror set, "I knew we should be beaten. You look tired, Celia, let us all go and listen to Mr. Pinkney. Well, darlings, and has Mr. Pinkney been telling you any pretty stories?"

"He made us tell *him* one!" said eight-year-old Madge, with an injured pout, "and I told him a lovely one; but I don't believe he listened one bit, mummy. He shut his eyes."

"She carried me right back to my own childhood," murmured the poet with much readiness. "I had only to close my eyes, and I was young again!"

Meanwhile Madge and Bobby, a sturdy boy of six, had taken affectionate possession of Milner, who had not counted upon being remembered, and was gratified accordingly. But children are given to choose their friends without taking much heed of mere externals, and a friend once made they are not sufficiently educated to desert for more desirable acquaintances.

"You tell us a story," they pleaded: "we like your stories!"

"Not now, darling," put in Mrs. Rossiter hastily; "you mustn't tease Mr. Milner: he will tell you a story some other time. Run away, little sweets, and see if you can't catch mother one of those pretty swallows. This hot weather makes them so restless," she remarked, as they scampered off on their hopeful expedition. "No one but you, Mr. Pinkney, could have kept them quiet so long; but you have a positive *gift* with children!"

"They are my cult!" he exclaimed, as he brushed off the blades of grass with which Bobby had enriched his waistcoat.

He took the greater share in the conversation that followed, singing the praises of Arcadia, and lamenting the spread of worldliness, which he illustrated by the latest and most authentic versions of the scandals that were agitating society. He talked with authority and well, for he knew his world; and there was a decided piquancy in his somewhat rapid transitions from cynicism to enthusiasm, even if neither was quite free from the suspicion of being slightly overdone.

Milner could not help envying him his air of youth and distinction, his ease of manner, and bright impetuous talk, though Pinkney made him feel much older somehow. Miss Lascelles sat and listened with that dreamy enigmatic smile of hers. She belonged to the same world as the speaker, though it did not appear to have spoiled her as yet, and she was evidently amused by some of his sallies. From time to time he addressed her directly;

but Milner failed to detect traces of any especial intimacy between them, which made him more disposed to appreciate Pinkney's powers of conversation.

That evening after dinner Mrs. Rossiter proposed that they should adjourn to the garden instead of the drawing-room, a proposal which was adopted as soon as coffee had been served. Her husband settled down on a seat with a cigar, and by the time Milner had managed to arrange his hostess's wraps to her complete satisfaction, Celia and Pinkney had sauntered on together, and were already in a distant part of the grounds.

Mrs. Rossiter showed no intention of following them, as she slowly paced the lawn in front of the windows—which, of course, obliged Milner to do the same. "What a perfect night for lovers!" cried Mrs. Rossiter, with a shade of personal regret in her voice. "It really does seem as if our little conspiracy was going to succeed now, don't you think? They strolled off quite naturally together. *Such* an ideal couple they make!"

And she enlarged upon this theme, telling him how certain Nugent Pinkney was to distinguish himself some day, and what expectations he had, and how he might marry at once if his people approved of his choice—as they naturally would do—for Celia was so charming that it really did not signify that she would bring her husband no fortune worth mentioning: there was simply no objection to the match that Mrs. Rossiter could think of. If Milner had spoken his real mind just then, he might have adopted the forlorn retort of the prophet, "yea, I know it—hold ye your peace;" but, as it was, he made an admirable listener, and if Mrs. Rossiter had any suspicions and was amusing herself by some feminine experiments, she took nothing by her motion.

Milner could not deceive himself any longer: it was the maddest folly, but he had fallen in love with this girl. He knew it now, and the idea that at

that very moment she was perhaps passing beyond his reach gave him an intolerable pain. However, there was nothing to be done but pace the lawn with Mrs. Rossiter, and listen and wait for the suspense to end. He could see Celia's white dress glimmering faintly through the branches. Perhaps she had already given him her answer, and both were mute and awed by their own happiness. What was it all to him? He was only one of the audience, expected to applaud when the curtain fell on the conventional happy ending: even if his congratulations lacked the proper degree of warmth, she would never notice it. He was not quite sure whether he most wished for the suspense to end in the dreaded certainty, or to go on for ever.

Meanwhile Celia and Pinkney had been wandering side by side under the interlacing foliage.

"I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the  
boughs,  
But in embalmed darkness guess each  
sweet,"

quoted Pinkney. "Poor dear Keats! think of such a genius as that done to death by the venom of criticism!"

"I thought that was a popular error!" she said.

Pinkney heard this with a little pained shudder. "Ah, no, *you* mustn't say that," he cried; "it hurts me. Criticism did kill him—don't ask me for proof—I feel it! And I have had some experience of the wounds a brutal reviewer can inflict," he added, thinking of a notice which had dismissed the record of his highest soul-flights as "a rather unattractive little volume of turgid verse."

"At least," she remarked, "they have not killed you."

"I don't know," he replied mournfully. "There are moments when I fear that the better part of me—all that there was of promise, all that the world might perchance have been the richer for—is indeed slain. They have at least scared my Muse from me, and

who knows whether I shall find her again, diligently as I may seek her." (It did not seem to occur to him that he was not likely to come across her amongst smart people.) "Can you wonder that I lose faith, when, week after week, I find my unoffending verses held up to derision in every provincial paper in England?"

"Do you read *all* the papers in England?" she exclaimed in much surprise.

"Well, I don't mean that exactly," and here he explained himself with considerable fulness. "And the result is," he concluded, "that, though I am made of sterner stuff than poor Keats, I am driven to conclude that this is no age for poets. No, the voice of the singer is drowned by the hum of their machinery, and no doubt it is all for the best—only I can't help regretting it at times, and questioning whether, after all, money is the highest good."

He spoke so mournfully that she felt impelled to say what she could to console him, and he was willing enough to be consoled.

It was some time later when they turned back towards the lawn, and Celia lingered in passing as though she had some confidence to impart to her hostess, or so it seemed to Milner, whose heart sank at the anticipation. But Mrs. Rossiter's feminine insight discerned that the moment had not yet come. Nugent Pinkney had not spoken yet—at least not explicitly. "So you have come back," she said. "I'm so glad—I've been wanting to tell you what a lovely view you get of the house from over there by the rose-beds. You oughtn't to miss it, either of you, the open windows and shaded lamps—just like something on the stage! Do go! Mr. Milner and I have been quite struck by it."

"They're so young," she said to Milner apologetically, as she took the opposite direction to that she had indicated: "they want a little helping, poor dears." And it appeared that Pinkney had profited by her assistance, for when the two couples crossed again

Milner observed that a rose was making a dark patch on Celia's dress.

This time it was Pinkney who seemed inclined to engage his hostess's attention. "If there was only a nightingale now," he said, "it would be too perfect!"

"Nightingales do not sing as late as this," said Mrs. Rossiter.

"Really? Didn't know they were such early birds as all that!" said the poet, more astonished than quite becomed such a lover of nature; and, while Mrs. Rossiter was explaining that she had referred to the month, not the hour, Celia strolled leisurely on.

Milner hesitated for an instant. For all he could tell, she was no longer free, but then he was not supposed to know that as yet. If it were so, she would probably prefer solitude; but he was prepared to endure a rebuff for the sake of being near her, and so, in spite of pride and prudence, he followed.

Miss Lascelles spared him a rebuff. She was graciously inclined that evening, and accepted his presence there with frank good-humour. She even seemed interested in his work, which he was glad to find was not unknown to her, and had several questions to ask about it.

"I wonder," she said at length, "whether you are at all influenced by what papers say about you?"

"I might be," he said, "if I ever saw it; but, to tell the truth, I rather avoid looking."

"I should have thought you had no reason for that."

"Oh, you know the maxim," he replied: "*'Il n'y a guère d'occasion où l'on fit un méchant marché de renoncier au bien qu'on dit de nous à condition de n'en dire point de mal!'*"

"I think I would rather see both, as Mr. Pinkney does," she said. "Isn't it braver, don't you think?"

As a matter of fact, Milner's avoidance of criticism arose from pure indifference. The only criticism he sought and respected was that of painters whom he recognised as

masters, rather despising the kind of temperament that could be exalted or depressed by a few anonymous lines in a newspaper. But he did not explain this—why should he? She took a purely reflex interest in his views, which only became important to her as they contrasted with Pinkney's—and Milner was above any petty desire to lower him in her estimation.

"Braver, perhaps—in some cases," he said in reply to her last query. "But then I don't pretend to that form of bravery."

"I think that is a pity," she said simply, and her next remark was on a different subject.

In spite of all the enchantment of being there with her alone in those moonlit alleys, Milner had a foretaste of the added bitterness that he was preparing for himself. Each fresh word or look of hers increased his subjection, and he tried to store them up in his memory against the famine that was at hand. Suddenly, as they passed out of the shadow, he noticed that the rose had fallen from her dress, and some impulse of self-discipline or self-torture drove him to say: "Surely you were wearing a rose just now—have you dropped it by any chance, and can I try to find it for you?"

"I must have fastened it carelessly," she said, and he could read nothing in her tranquil face. "We might go back and look, perhaps—no, it's too late, Mrs. Rossiter is calling us, it really doesn't matter. I can get another to-morrow."

Mrs. Rossiter's voice sounded a little sharp. "My dear Mr. Milner—have you any idea what the time is? Nearly twelve! Celia, you will be so tired to-morrow, I really must send you to bed. And there is Arthur, asleep in the open air all this time—Wake up, Arthur, do, or you'll get no sleep at all to-night."

Rossiter groped about the turf at his feet and picked up a cold cigar. "I should have dropped off in another moment, I believe," he said, yawning. "Will anybody have anything before

we turn in?—it's all inside," and he led the way in through the windows.

Before she said good-night, Mrs. Rossiter found an opportunity of saying privately to Milner, "I can't get anything out of him as yet, but it's all going on as well as possible, and by this time to-morrow—" she broke off with an arch little nod and a laugh. Milner laughed too, though he had little enough to laugh about.

When every one else had gone upstairs except his host, who stayed to superintend such locking-up as a country-house requires, Milner wandered back to the path Celia and he had taken. He was not long in finding the rose he was in search of, and picked it up without any intention of restoring it to its owner. Then he came to his senses all at once. "You ass!" he muttered, with a savage laugh at himself, and flung the rose far away amongst the currant bushes: after which he came in with a heavy heart.

But when he awoke next morning, to the sounds of clacking poultry, hissing, splashing, and stamping; from the neighbourhood of the stables, and the "roo-coo-hooing" of pigeons on the eaves, he felt almost cheerful again. Through the open window, where the clematis breathed its delicate fragrance, he could see the landscape hushed in Sunday peace and already quivering in a hot haze; and as he lay and watched the dancing reflections which the water in his bath was sending across the ceiling, he had a sense of physical well-being which braced him to face the worst which the day might bring him. And what was the worst after all? Only the engagement of a girl who would be no more removed from him then than she was already. Why should he expect more from life than it could possibly give him? He was determined to be a fool no longer.

He was assisted in these philosophical resolves after breakfast, for Mrs. Rossiter carried Celia off to church with the children, and as there

was only one vacant seat in the carriage, it fell to Pinkney as a matter of course; and Milner was left behind to potter about the grounds with his host, smoking cigarettes and wondering why hours were so irregularly divided, until the return of the church-party.

"Well, had a good sermon?" asked Rossiter, in the sort of tone in which he would inquire after a day's sport.

"Oh, I don't know, really," said his wife; "it was so fearfully hot. The Duncombes were there, Arthur, and the Baylisses want us to lend them our net for the tournament. I suppose we must!"

Celia took a garden-seat near the bench on which Milner had been sitting. She said nothing, and she seemed to him fairer than ever, with that spiritual light still lingering on her sweet serious face. He was not too orthodox himself, but he had never felt greatly attracted by the free-thinking type of girl.

The poet was out of temper, for Bobby had kicked his shins in the carriage on the way from church to a degree which led to his being informed, privately, that he was "an infernal little nuisance"; whereupon Bobby, who was apt to be sensitive on unforeseen occasions, burst into tears which, to Pinkney's horror, promptly became roars, only to be consoled by Celia and the luncheon-gong.

The afternoon was passed in the shade on rugs or hammocks, with the reviews and illustrated papers, though Celia Lascelles was the only person with energy enough to read a line of them. Milner lay where he could watch her, and print her face more deeply still on his memory—it was not exactly the surest way of carrying out his good resolutions, but it was too hot to be consistent.

The children came out by and by, and, with their usual powers of memory, claimed fulfilment of Milner's promised story, which did not paralyse him as it might some men, for he had often had to keep child-sitters amused and interested. So he told them the legend

of Saint Elizabeth of Thuringia, whose wicked husband forbade her to carry food to the poor, and who dared nevertheless to disobey him in secret. And how one day, when she was carrying a basket of food covered by a linen cloth, she met her husband, who demanded to know what was in the basket. "I should have said, 'mind your own business, you disagreeable pig!'" said Madge at this point. "She was afraid," answered Milner, "and so she said the first thing that came into her head. 'Roses—only roses!' she cried, quite forgetting that it was winter. So he said, 'I don't believe you,' and with that he tore the cloth from the basket." Milner saw the whole scene he was describing, and the saint was Celia. "And then," he continued, "just as she gave herself up for lost, a wonderful thing happened—the basket was found to be full of nothing but the most exquisite roses."

Both children gave a long drawn "Oh!" and Bobby's interest displayed itself by a strong anxiety to learn whether the poor people got their dinner after all.

Madge took an unexpectedly moral view: "I don't think she deserved it," she said.

Celia laughed: she had evidently been following the conversation. "What makes you think that, you queer child?" she asked.

"She oughtn't to have told a story!" said Madge. "Why, only suppose if the miracle had been the least little bit late, and the wicked man had caught a sandwich turning into a rose, where would she have been then?"

"Perhaps she never said anything, Madgie," said Celia. "Perhaps it was all done before she could say a word."

"We may be pretty certain of one thing," observed Pinkney, with a half yawn, when the children were gone, "that that poor unfortunate husband, with whom I confess to a strong sympathy, was never allowed to hear the last of those roses. What would you have said," he added, turning to Celia



"in such trying circumstances—I mean, if you had been met with the basket?"

"Oh," said Celia, "I'm afraid I should have—well, risked a miracle of some kind."

"But a more probable one?—I see," said the poet. Milner did not believe it: even as she said the words, her face contradicted them.

Later on, Celia, Pinkney and Milner were alone on the lawn: Rossiter had retired to observe the fourth commandment in his study; and Mrs. Rossiter had taken the children indoors for their Sunday chapter.

"It's a shade cooler," said the poet, gracefully vacating his hammock. "Miss Lascelles, I made acquaintance with a very agreeable family of raspberries this morning—will you come to pay an afternoon call with me? It's the right thing to do, and they'll like it." She rose smiling. "It sounds rather tempting," she said; and then, with a little flush, she put the paper she had been reading into Milner's hand. "Have you seen this week's '*Scrutator*'?" she said rather nervously. "I wish you would read it. I think you would find some of it interesting."

Milner was repelled by this proceeding. It hurt him that she should think him likely to force himself upon them, and, worse still, should condescend to prevent him by so crude a device as this. He let the paper lie unopened as he watched the pair disappear. After all, he ought to be glad that she had shown herself in this light: it made resignation so much easier. It is to be feared, however, that any comfort he found in this reflection was of a very transitory kind. But it threw him into a state of contemptuous indifference for the time at least. He waited there for them to return without more than a passing curiosity whether Pinkney had put his fortune to the touch or not; and before he had any means of ascertaining how this might be, Mrs. Rossiter came out and organised a stroll before dinner.

"I think they are both going on beautifully," she said, with rather a culinary tone, as she watched Pinkney and Celia, who were walking in front. "You see, they're keeping a little apart, but I call that a good sign—they're beginning to feel shy with one another. I do so hope there'll be a nice moon again to-night!"

Pinkney was beheading the poppies as he went, like another Tarquin; and he seemed to find the children in the way, as they were constantly running up to Celia with excited questions and exclamations. "You see I don't call the children away," exclaimed diplomatic Mrs. Rossiter. "A little hindrance of that sort is very stimulating sometimes. Isn't it interesting to arrange for people like this? I do enjoy it so immensely. I think *you* are rather amused by it too, Mr. Milner, though you won't deign to admit it."

Milner said he found it highly entertaining; and, in a cynical way, this was not untrue just then. At dinner that evening some allusion was made to a recent marriage of convenience, which led to an outburst of eloquent scorn on the part of Pinkney. He did not understand—could not recognise, any union where love admittedly had no part. It was one of the hideous mockeries of the age, which he would never countenance, even by attending the ceremony. "Though for the matter of that," he added ingenuously, "I never go to any wedding unless I can help it: they bore me!"

Milner almost unconsciously avoided all unnecessary conversation with Celia Lascelles. She had disappointed him, and he felt no further interest in her—or so at least he persuaded himself.

In the garden afterwards, Mrs. Rossiter repeated her manoeuvres of the previous night, and if Nugent Pinkney was really anxious to declare himself, every facility was given him.

Mrs. Rossiter could not resist a low laugh of delight, as she saw the younger couple coming towards them after a

comparatively short absence in the propitious obscurity of those alleys. "It has come," she cried, "already! I can tell from the way they are walking—as if they had nothing to say to one another. Engaged couples are too funny!"

Celia was looking marvellously fair in the moonlight. Milner thought her eyes had a wistful deprecation in them as she stood before him, and he wondered why—surely she could not have guessed his unhappy secret. And then he found that, just as before, they were left together; Mrs. Rossiter having detached Pinkney, with the object no doubt of listening to his raptures. "Had we not better stroll on?" he suggested, unable even now to keep his heart from beating faster at the prospect of one more walk alone with her: it was the last, she need not grudge it him. She did not, but assented silently, and they strolled on, without a word on either side for some moments.

"I wanted to ask you, Mr. Milner," began Celia at last, evidently in some embarrassment,—“you have not told me yet whether you are pleased—I thought you would care a little.”

He had never expected this—that she, Celia, should show such a want of ordinary delicacy—that she should be a common coquette after all! He felt nothing but contempt for her just then, despite all her loveliness, and the magic of her voice.

"I don't think I have given you any reason to suppose that I am anything but pleased," he said coldly.

"Ah—you are *not* pleased," she cried. "I have made a mistake!—that is how it seems to you—I see it myself, now!"

Such extraordinary candour almost deprived him of words. "Once more," he said, "let me assure you that I should not dream of presuming so far. I have no right to think such a thing, and I don't think it: surely it is not necessary to say any more about it?"

"You must be very proud," she said, "to be so easily offended—for

you are offended, whether you admit it or not. *Why* are you?"

"If I am," he said, "the reason is one of those things that one does not explain."

"That only means that you are unreasonable. Surely, there was nothing in that notice to offend you, surely you cannot quarrel with what the 'Scrutator' said—it was all praise."

"The 'Scrutator'!" he repeated blankly, "what has the 'Scrutator' to do with it?"

"Was it not the paper I wanted you to read this afternoon?" she said impatiently. "You haven't even looked at it, I see! I ought to have known better, perhaps, after what you said; but I thought it might please you, for all that!"

Milner turned hot as he realised how narrow had been his escape—only the merest chance had saved him from offending her irretrievably. But almost immediately came the revulsion of tenderness, of joyful recognition that his ideal remained to him still. It was hard to have to confine himself to commonplaces, but it was his plain duty just then.

"If I had only known," he said remorsefully,—“but I never imagined; and believe me, Miss Lascelles, I am very grateful to you for such a kind thought—you *must* believe it, or I shall never forgive myself.”

She smiled. "Oh, I will believe it, now you have told me so. I did really think something had offended you at first, but since it hasn't—Do you know, I shall be quite sorry to have to go back to-morrow—shall not you?"

"Very," he said. "Especially as I shall not plunge into gaiety again, as I suppose you will."

"Oh, there are not many things to come off now, and we are going away earlier than usual this season. I am rather glad: I was getting tired of going out, and I like Cromer."

"You are going to Cromer?" he asked. "I was thinking of doing

some sketching along the Norfolk coast." This was true, though he had decided in favour of Brittany.

"Then we may see something of you: Cromer is not very large."

"There may be others I shall know there, I suppose," he said, with a tolerably successful assumption of carelessness; "or, at least, one other."

"There are generally more people one knows at such places than one quite wants to see, aren't there?" she said.

"I—I was thinking of people I had met with here—of Mr. Pinkney," he said desperately.

"Is Mr. Pinkney going to Cromer? Has he told you so?"

"No—I thought it might be possible that——"

"I don't know at all what Mr. Pinkney's plans may be," she said a little stiffly; "but I can't think of anything more unlikely than his coming to Cromer."

There was something in her manner, he thought, which seemed to indicate that she wished to disclaim all interest in the poet's movements, and it gave him a negative satisfaction. At all events she was still free; and, come what might, he had this interview to look back upon and be thankful for: he could very well be content with that for the present.

Celia and Pinkney went up to town next morning with their host by one of the early business trains. Milner did not follow till later, and before he left Mrs. Rossiter made a half-acknowledgment of failure. "I'm afraid," she said, "we were a little premature after all. I had a long talk with him last night, and from what I

could make out he has some absurd romantic scruples against marrying with his present income; but I shall not give up hope yet!"

"Nor shall I," said Milner to himself.

Two months later Mrs. Rossiter burst in upon her husband in his study with a letter in her hand. "Arthur," she said, "put down that stupid gun and listen to this. I call it dreadful! Celia Lascelles has written from Cromer to tell me she is engaged—and, of all people in the world, to Frank Milner! Foolish, *foolish* girl!"

"Don't see it," said Rossiter. "Milner isn't a bad chap, and they tell me he's making an uncommonly good income."

"But oh, men never see these things! I tell you she's doing it out of pique, because Nugent Pinkney—why, you saw them when they were down here! And,—well, all I can say is that Frank Milner will find out one day that he has made a terrible mistake—and I only hope he won't find it out too late!"

"Well," said Rossiter, "I know I should think it worth risking in his place. I never had much opinion of the other fellow. She's too good for young Pinkney."

"That's nothing to do with it," retorted his wife. "The real point is that she likes him best all the time, and is marrying to spite herself; and she'll be wretched if she does."

"Ah," said Rossiter. "I suppose you'll write and congratulate 'em?"

"Why, of course!" said his wife.

F. ANSTEY.

(To be continued.)

## A NEW OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

THIS autumn will witness the opening of a line of railway which will bring us one day and a half nearer to our eastern empire. Brindisi will then have to bid adieu to rich English travellers and luxurious steamers; for when once the line is opened through the Balkan Peninsula, through Servia and Macedonia to Salonica, the sea-passage to Alexandria will be considerably shortened, a much better harbour will be at the disposal of the steamers, and bad sailors, too, will vastly prefer the calm, island-studded *Ægean* to being tossed "up and down in *Adria*." The new line will do more than this: it will open out a new field for tourists; and as we traversed the wild Balkans this spring, we sighed to think that they would soon become as hackneyed as the Alps, and that the quaint customs and costumes we saw were about to fight their death-struggle with civilisation, as others nearer home have done, now surviving only, like the Highland kilt, a mockery of what they once were.

Belgrade is the central pivot of this new development of railways. From here to Salonica, down the valleys of the Morava and the Vardar, the distance which took us a week to traverse will in a few months be accomplished in less than one day, whilst a branch line through *Pirot* and *Sophia* to *Constantinople* will bring that capital much nearer to us. All this is in accordance with the stipulation of the Treaty of Berlin which enforced on the Balkan provinces a scheme for uniting themselves with civilisation; and the system would have been perfected long ago had not the Turks thrown every obstacle in the way of this rapid march of their arch-enemy, Progress. For some time past the line to Salonica has been finished; but

the Porte has listened to rumours concerning the covetous eyes Austria is casting on Salonica, and in their own feeble way they have sought to check this by ordering the first few rails in their own territory to be removed—as if a march of half a mile would stop an advancing army intent on Salonica!

Belgrade is fully alive to the important position it will occupy as a railway-centre. Property has immensely increased in value: new streets are rapidly replacing old ones; and a sumptuous hotel has been erected, by a curious fatality, on the top of a Turkish cemetery. All progress in the East marches over the ruins of Turkey. *Buda Pesth* once bristled with minarets: now there is only one mosque left, which being the tomb of a generally venerated individual has escaped destruction. In the vast plain of Hungary you find vestiges of all former civilisations, Roman remains and mediæval castles, but of the Turks absolutely nothing. At Belgrade itself, the fortress of which the Turks held until a few years ago, you see only one mosque, now used as the gasometer of the theatre. Further south at *Nisch*, which has so recently been added to Servia, a few Turks may possibly still be seen living in strict retirement, whose only object in life is to realise their property and get them gone. One almost regrets this total obliteration of a race which has played so important a part in these regions for four hundred years; but so it is with the Turks. They knew no civilisation when they came: they obstinately refused to learn any; and now in a dignified fashion they make their bow and retire. In this they differ from all other races which have occupied the Balkan Peninsula. Greeks, Romans, Bulgarians have in

their turn ruled and been subject to others. The Turks refuse to do this: as soon as they are deprived of the government of a province they quit it for ever. If they cannot rule, they will not obey. All the Mussulmans who propose still to stay in their homes, will on inquiry be found to be descended from Christian perverts, who will in a few years be converted back again to the religion of their ancestors.

At Salonica one realises how easily the Turk returns to his nomad condition. If it is the will of Allah that he should enjoy himself, nobody can lead a life of more abject self-indulgence; but should his fate settle him in a shanty made of scraps of tin covered with canvas, there also he is content. His diminutive abode is still scrupulously divided into *haremluk* and *selamluk*; and at Salonica all round the mosques outside the walls, in any retired corner they can find, live contentedly the refugees from the conquered provinces in the huts they have erected, making no effort to ameliorate their position, but ready to "move on" when civilisation, which they dread as a beggar dreads the policeman, bids them to do so. I know a Turk, once comfortably lodged in a town in Thessaly, who has received the most favourable offers from the Greek Government to return to his old house: he prefers to beg his bread in the streets of Salonica to living in affluence under the rule of the Infidel.

Servia and her King Milan are not unimportant factors in the struggle for civilisation which is now agitating the Balkans. In Servia the Radicals are the party of inaction, the Conservatives the party of progress: the former is the Russian party, the latter the Austrian, with King Milan at its head. The puzzle grows clear, however, on examination. Servia is a country without an aristocracy, essentially democratic: no one is rich, no one is poor: everybody has some property, however small. Consequently the democrats see in the advance of

civilisation a possible cause of disturbance; and Russia, who wishes to keep the Slav population, like her own, ignorant and backward, naturally supports the democrats in their wish to maintain the present order of things. For some time past the King's party has been in the ascendant: the railway is open from one end of Servia to the other: education is advancing with rapid strides, and, as happens in all progressing countries, the weak must give way and the barrier of equality be broken down. This struggle of the democracy against improvement has been the same in all the countries that the Turk has vacated: it was until recently the same in Greece and in the other Balkan provinces, and is easily accounted for by the golden rule of Turkish autocracy—namely, to exile the great families and rule the rest arbitrarily. Four centuries of this rule have created a population of submissive, laborious peasants, who understand economy better than most people, and are excessively avaricious. No one in Turkey, however rich he may be, wishes to be thought so. A Jew of Salonica, with piles of gold in his coffers, goes about in clothes that a beggar in England would not pick up. Consequently this population resents the idea of civilisation, realising that it will aggrandise capability and bring with it poverty, an unknown enemy in a country where all are poor. If you enter any number of cottages on the highland frontier of Turkey you will not find one in which the furniture would fetch a pound at an auction. A wooden bench, a few wooden stools, an old cauldron, and a water-jar form all the household gods; while the owners sleep on the ground in skin cloaks.

The Hungarians will tell you that the West ends with them, a polite way of stating that all to the east of them are uncivilised. In spite of this King Milan and his party will soon demonstrate that the West is a progressive term, and by no means

stationary at the confines of Hungary. King Milan is a fine specimen of a *bourgeois* king, vigorous, intelligent, and not too refined. Next to the Czar of Russia, he is probably the least to be envied of all European sovereigns, for the Karageorgevitchs are for ever plotting for a return to power, and are not over-scrupulous in the means they employ. The tragic end of Prince Michel, the popular ruler for twenty years, must be for ever before him. As he daily rides or drives through his grounds at Topchidér he sees the spot where his predecessor was murdered, railed off and kept as a public sight; and when he reflects that he himself is by no means so popular, his sensations must be far from pleasant. Though the Servians are proud of Queen Natalia, and call her the most beautiful Queen in the world, they are not nearly so partial to her husband. The Obrenovitch do all they can to establish popularity. Queen Natalia visits the sick: she is the head of a Ladies' Association for encouraging the reproduction of Servian aprons, gloves, and embroideries, with which to catch the gold of travellers; and she herself looks lovely in the many photographs that have been taken of her in the costume of the Servian peasant. But as yet the ladies of the Servian Court are far behind their husbands in civilisation. They smoke cigarettes, they wear a Servian jacket and an Oriental fez, with a flounce in fashion amongst us in the early days of photography. King Milan has given for the use of the people his predecessor's villa at Topchidér with its lovely pleasure-grounds. It is the regular resort of the inhabitants of Belgrade, who are allowed to wander through the rooms in which Prince Miloch, the half-brigand chief who led Servia on to freedom, lived and died. The relics of this prince are all laid out on his bed and in the adjoining room: here the curious can see his nightgown neatly spread out, the flag, made of a cotton pocket-

handkerchief, which he always carried to keep off the flies, a pair of his drawers marked M.O.G., the boots which he himself mended with a cobbler's skill; and in a golden casket is preserved a roll of bread which he walled up in the palace before he fled in 1854, and found there on his return in 1860. The relics of a new country are always amusing. An American once gave me a scrap of Mrs. Washington's wedding-dress, treasured, and doubtless as often reproduced, as portions of the true cross.

Servia looks like a garden of Eden when you come down into it from the bare uncultivated mountains of Macedonia; and we came down into it in a somewhat airy fashion,—travelling for six hours on an open truck of a ballast-train through the gracious permission of the director of the line which is about to be opened. But as this unusual method of locomotion enabled us to travel without an escort, and to get over dangerous and uninteresting ground much quicker than we otherwise should have done, we were thankful and thought little of the blinding dust and keen mountain air. Fifteen miles from the first Servian town, and five from the Turkish frontier, we and our luggage were left high and dry on the roadside, hopeless beyond measure as to our future progress. Again a railway official came to our aid: M. Hazelaire, the French engineer of the new line, invited us to his temporary residence, spread an excellent lunch before us, and entertained us admirably until a carriage could be found to convey us to our destination.

French enterprise in these Balkan provinces is truly remarkable. All the new system of railways is being engineered by them, not only in Turkey but in Greece; and their great scheme of joining Athens by rail with Europe is likely to be accomplished before the lapse of many years. French companies are draining Lake Copais, and cutting through the isthmus of Corinth: Frenchmen are thinking seriously of a railway to Bagdad by



the Euphrates valley; and each of the little towns we visited on our way through Macedonia and Servia was gay with a little French society of railway-engineers. One could not but ask one's self, what are we English doing to allow ourselves to be entirely driven out of a market which a few years back was all our own?

M. Hazelaire's stories of his life amongst the wilds of Macedonia and Servia were highly romantic. He had, he said, long given up living in the villages, where the constant assassinations from the blood-feuds, which entailed on every kinsman of a murdered man the necessity of revenge, had begun to work on his spirits. There is absolutely no government in these mountain villages, where human nature in its most depraved form is allowed to have its fling. He looked forward to his release from his long exile in a few weeks; but sighed a little when he told us that Austria was going to buy up the line, the offspring of his own brain and the work of years. "Austria," he said, "will then have it all her own way down here: in case of war she will be able to leave Turkey and Servia with nothing but the rails, and no rolling-stock to work them with."

Perhaps no country in the world presents a greater conglomeration of nationalities than Upper Macedonia. Üsküb is the capital of the district, a highly romantic town on the Vardar, somewhat recalling Saltzburg in its position, with its old castle of the Slav kings built on Roman foundations, and dominating a river spanned by a bridge of genuine Roman build, with a background of mountains only free from snow in the midsummer months. In the bazaars you hear every language spoken in the Balkans, and the ordinary tongue of the inhabitants is such a mixture of Bulgarian and Servian that it puzzles even those who know both. We tarried a few days at Üsküb, for the festival of the great Bulgarian martyr Methodios, who converted people to Christianity

by painting horribly realistic pictures of Hell, and the town on that day was ablaze with colour and quaint costumes. Towards evening the peasants returned to their mountain-homes with their children and their asses, looking for all the world like so many Flights into Egypt from a picture gallery; only here the order of things was sometimes reversed, the father sitting on the ass and carrying the child, whilst his smart wife stalked on in front. For the artist Üsküb will presently be a new-found Paradise. At present, however, the adventurous sketcher would soon find himself in *durance vile* if he attempted to commit to paper the commanding fortress, the picturesque mosques, or the remains of old Byzantine churches which have merely been converted to Mohammedanism by the addition of a minaret. In the days of the late Greek Empire Üsküb was known as Scopia, which is short for Episcopia, and it was the seat of a bishopric. Near the bazaar you may still visit a large square building, now used as a caravanserai and general warehouse, which in Byzantine days was a seminary for priests, and still retains many interesting architectural features. The pillars, which support the upper gallery, are cased in wood, "the work of the Austrians," an old Turk told me, "who were preparing to burn down the place, but had to fly before effecting their purpose." How far this is true I know not, for the Turks in these parts love not the Austrians.

For the rest of his journey towards Salonica the traveller eastward bound will follow the course of the Vardar, the ancient Axios, which makes its way through the heart of Macedonia to the Thermaic Gulf. Now and again he will pass a fertile stretch of country with villages of uniform simplicity, where a tall minaret surmounts an ugly square mosque surrounded by one-storied cottages of sun-dried bricks, half-hidden in verdure and backed by the blue mountains streaked with snow; and on either side of the river

the land is rich, producing heavy crops of grain and of the white poppy. The Vardar has its Iron Gates (*Demir Kapou*) as well as the Danube, answering indeed more closely to their name than the better-known ones on the larger river. The passage through which the river pierces the mountain is very narrow, so narrow that there is not room for the roadway, and a tunnel has been made through the rocks, which are red with iron ore and tower two thousand feet on either side of the stream. It is indeed a grand defile: a natural bulwark cutting off the barbarous North from the sunny plains which skirt the Mediterranean. On entering the plain of Salonica a new region is reached and a scene of surpassing loveliness. Across the broad bay rises the classic range of Olympus with its humble attendants Pelion and Ossa, and the interest at once centres in the historic past: for two stations before reaching Salonica the traveller may alight, if he wishes, for Vodena, which is close to the ruins of Pella, the capital of the Macedonian kings; and when once the minarets and towers of Salonica are in view one feels that the East is really reached. Skin-clad Bulgarians hustle you on the platform: Turkish officials madden you with their cries for *backshesh*: your books and papers are closely examined, and if a stupid custom-house officer takes it into his head that they suggest treason they are burnt. The atlas of a friend of mine was consigned to the flames because the last letters of the Turkish province Epirus ran into the territory of Greece.

No town has been oftener ruined and risen again from its ashes than Thessalonica, and next to Constantinople it is now the point of keenest contention amongst those claiming limbs of Turkey. There is nothing wanting save good government to make Macedonia the wealthiest of all the Balkan provinces. It produces wine, rice, oil, silk, and excellent tobacco. Its mountains are rich in

metals, and coal is abundant close to the walls of Salonica. On the land side it is cut off from the rest of the world by lofty ranges of mountains, and its coast is full of harbours. There are at present three aspirants to this rich prize, Austria, Bulgaria, and Greece. The claims of the former are exclusively those of might and diplomacy, and need no further comment: Bulgaria and Greece rest their claims on right: a member of each of these two races has lately published a monograph on the subject of their respective claims. The Bulgarian writer says: "without Macedonia the Bulgarian power on the peninsula is without meaning, without significance": the Greek writer says: "without Macedonia the Greek race has no future."

The fact is that in Macedonia there are at least eight hundred thousand who speak Greek as against two hundred thousand who speak Bulgarian. The Greeks occupy the towns and form the educated mercantile class, whereas the Bulgarians are the peasants of the mountains. The Bulgarian writer meets this argument thus: "Here in the towns everything is drowned in Hellenism. Take Sera for example, and Monastir: here for centuries the inhabitants have been clearly Bulgarian, but for some years past the use of the Greek tongue has come into fashion, and this is because the young mothers have been educated in the Greek tongue." The truth of this is evident to any one who listens to conversation in the streets of Monastir: except on market-days, when the Bulgarian peasants come in from the mountains, their language is rarely heard. The fact is that the Greeks have a wonderful aptitude for educating the masses, and by this means they have not only increased their numbers but shown a capability for civilisation and progress to which the Bulgarian is still a stranger. In Macedonia there are eight hundred and forty-six Greek schools, containing forty-five thousand

eight hundred and seventy pupils. On the other hand, there are only one hundred and thirty-six Bulgarian schools in the whole province, and many of them but inefficiently provided with masters and books. Besides this weighty argument in favour of the Greek it must be borne in mind that Macedonia has been the centre of Hellenism during all the dark ages, far more Greek indeed than the country which we now call Greece; for the monasteries on Mount Athos and Mount Olympus were the centres of Greek learning during that period, and their influence was naturally felt more particularly in the neighbouring towns and villages of Macedonia.

The inability of the Greeks for governing and organisation is the great obstacle to their being intrusted with so great a charge as Macedonia. The French, for reasons best known to themselves, have of late years been very kind to the Greeks: they have helped them in drilling their troops, and they have provided the capital for the various railway and other undertakings. Yet the French are thoroughly alive to their friends' weaknesses. I heard the admiral of a French man-of-war say that his country had almost given up the task of improving them in despair. The personal vanity and petty jealousies of the Greeks form an insurmountable barrier to their progress. Signal instance of this is to be found now at

Salonica, where the Greek inhabitants are divided into three sets, most bitterly jealous of each other. Not long ago a wealthy Greek of Malta left a large sum of money for the use of the schools in Macedonia, the only proviso being that the trustees should be all agreed as to the best means of using the sum: unfortunately the trustees were chosen from different sets, and agreement is consequently impossible. Meanwhile the rich man's money is lying idle and subscriptions are being raised for the schools, which would not be in any pecuniary distress if the trustees could only be persuaded to agree. Archbishop after archbishop has been appointed to Salonica with a view to healing these differences; but he invariably ends by espousing one side or the other, and unity amongst the Hellenes seems at present impossible. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, are united in purpose, and though numerically weaker may in the end prove the stronger of the two. Once the Greek party spirit ran so high that the factions came to open blows at the Gymnasium: windows were broken, benches thrown about, and for two months it was found necessary to close the college. Of a truth the Greeks are very like their ancestors: they are all politicians, and all prefer to "call in the barbarian" instead of sinking their private jealousies for the public weal.

J. THEODORE BENT.

## THE STORY OF THE ARDENT.

SPAIN joined France in the war against England in 1779. On the sixteenth of June proclamation of hostilities was made in England, and on the same day Admiral Sir Charles Hardy sailed from Spithead with a large fleet of line-of-battle ships and frigates to interfere with the junction of the French and Spanish fleets at Brest. As that fleet might reach nearly seventy sail of the line, and Sir Charles Hardy did not muster half that number, it was necessary to make strenuous efforts for his reinforcement. Ships and men were gathered up anywhere and anyhow, and hurried to sea as soon as, or before, they were ready, with orders to join him.

The Ardent, sixty-four, was one of the ships brought forward. She was commissioned at Portsmouth by Captain Boteler, and on the thirteenth of August she was at Spithead. It had not been more easy to prepare and man her than it had been found in the case of other ships. Her sails were cut too large: her rigging was turned in with more drift than ought to have been, to allow for stretching, and the whole of it was in fact in a very unfinished, crazy state. Her crew of five hundred did not contain more than two hundred seamen, if so many: all the rest that were not officers or marines were what were then called landsmen—mostly men who had never been to sea, who had never seen a gun fired, and who did not know the difference between an eighteen and a twenty-four pounder when they saw the guns. They naturally did not know much about loading them, and were certainly hazy as to their ideas of priming. The gunner was not very easy in his mind as to his magazine: as a cautious Scotchman, he did not quite like having only his yeoman and one other man who

had ever been to sea before to attend to the supply of powder.

As to the seamen, one hundred of them—if there were others—had just been brought home from the West Indies: fifty of them were transferred to the Ardent from the St. Albans, sixty-four, lately returned from that part of the world; and fifty from the Snake sloop. Their pay was three or four years in arrear, and they had no clothes. Perhaps it was natural, if reprehensible, that when the time came to weigh the anchor these men should have declined to assist in the process. The difficulty was the clothing. Officers were made to supply them with purser's slops, but they had a distinct objection to that class of goods. They finally expressed their willingness to forego the question of pay if some trustworthy outfitter from the shore might be ordered to supply them with kits, including, presumably, the spotless white trousers, the jackets, and the red waistcoats, which then formed the state dress of the British blue-jacket. In this dilemma Captain Boteler manned his barge and pulled into the harbour, to lay his difficulties before Sir Thomas Pye, the commander-in-chief.

But Sir Thomas had gone amusing himself into the country, and there was no one but Mr. Maxwell, his secretary, to represent him. However, Maxwell was a good man, and not afraid of responsibilities in furthering the king's service. He went back to the Ardent with Captain Boteler, and on the way off the captain complained much of being ordered to put to sea before he had had time to get his men shaken down and disciplined. But he did not think his ship's company were deficient in intelligence or willingness, or would turn out badly when they had been some little time under his

command. Yet in the circumstances it was hard, and he felt it so, that they should have taken away his second lieutenant, a capital man, just as he was getting to like him.

However, the captain and the secretary settled the difficulty of the clothes between them by getting some contractors off from the shore, who fitted out the men on the captain's and secretary's authority in anticipation of that of the admiral when he returned. Then the men, regarding Captain Boteler as their friend, said no more of the three or four years' pay which was due to them, and went to work with a will.

There was a very good set of officers in the ship—all except one. They liked their captain, and their captain liked them. Mr. Paterson, the first lieutenant, had a good idea of his business, and Mr. Kirkland, the third lieutenant, was zealous and courageous. There was a little mite of a midshipman thirteen years old, Mr. Murray, who seemed to onlookers to be so young as not to know the nature of an oath. There was a fine midshipman, of the name of Burgess, who seemed to be an old seaman—indeed, his opinion as a seaman and naval officer was found worthy of record in an exceedingly critical and difficult case. Mr. North, the boatswain, had a lame leg, and was greatly confined to his cabin; but he was a good man, and, in spite of his lame leg, managed to get about on his fore-castle and to see things properly done.

The only shaky officer was Captain Ross, the captain of marines. On the one hand he was a man rather inclined to trouble himself about things not properly in his department. He was not quite straightforward, was apt to mistake what was said to him, and was not quite as plucky as could be wished. Some of his men were better seamen than the landsmen, and when the corporal of marines, James Sims, attended the main top-gallant braces, he did it like a man.

But on the whole, the general feeling

was that as soon as they became disciplined and settled down, the ship would be not only a smart, but a comfortable one, as the captain was a man of the right sort.

On the thirteenth of August they got away from Spithead and as far as St. Helen's. There the wind came foul and they dropped their anchor.

Although there was not much chance of meeting an enemy, still it was desirable to get the ship in all respects as efficient as possible before joining Sir Charles Hardy's fleet, as, after that, it would be impossible to say what might happen. In any case, Captain Boteler desired to show the admiral that he meant business. So he went to work to station and quarter the men. Targets were laid out and divisions of guns practised at them. There was a good deal of necessary work below to be done also. Powder was in those days supplied loose in barrels; and when a ship was commissioned, before she could meet the enemy, cartridges had to be made up from the loose powder. Captain Boteler ordered twenty rounds per gun to be so made up—that is, twelve hundred and eighty cartridges: the powder to be measured out carefully into bags of different sizes to suit the calibre of the guns on the different decks. There was another trouble. A gun in those days was not considered to be properly loaded unless there was what used to be called a "junk wad" between the cartridge and the shot, and then another outside the shot to keep it in its place. These were things that took a terrible time to make, and the men spent the whole middle watch in filling cartridges the night they lay at St. Helen's.

Next morning, the fourteenth of August, the wind was foul for down channel; but Captain Boteler thought that as there was such pressure, he had better get away, and he did so, having been in commission, or at any rate manned, just five days.

Fortune favoured the brave, for the wind became fair soon after the ship

got to sea, and she was off Torbay in the evening of the sixteenth. But now the hurry in which the ship had been fitted out showed itself. Her rigging had stretched all round. It was not safe to proceed until the masts were re-stayed and the rigging set up. So Captain Boteler hauled in for Torbay and anchored there towards night. All next day, the whole ship's company were hard at work fleetling up the rigging, turning in afresh, and setting it up. The making of wads and the filling of cartridges had to be stopped—those things must wait till the masts were secure.

The work having been pretty well got through, Captain Boteler expressed his intention of going to sea that night. The master, Mr. Hall, begged and entreated the captain not to be in such a hurry, but to get things a little more to rights before he again got under sail. But Captain Boteler was deaf to his entreaties. He held that as he was hurried off so fast from Spithead by order, there must be the most pressing necessity for his joining Sir Charles Hardy without delay. So he weighed at half-past eleven at night and went to sea. He had, while in Torbay, communication with the shore, and also with numerous fishing and other boats, but got no intelligence of Sir Charles Hardy, nor of any other ships: only, it was quite impossible to say where he might meet the admiral. He might still be off Brest or otherwise well down the channel, or he might be even then close to Torbay—the usual anchorage for the Channel Squadron when it came in to refit and recruit. It was necessary therefore, as daylight began to show, to keep a bright lookout and to get all information possible from any passing vessels.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth of August (or as it was called in those days when the day at sea began at noon, the seventeenth) the *Ardent* was under top-gallant sails and staysails, with a freshening wind behind her about east-north-east,

steering down channel. Just then a vessel was seen ahead to which the *Ardent* gave chase by setting her studding-sails. They brought her to with a shot about eight, and Mr. Kirkland, the third lieutenant, on boarding her found her to be a Dane from Norway to Falmouth. But she had no information, and was wished God speed on her voyage.

While they were lying to, boarding the Dane, and hoisting the boat up again after Kirkland had made his report, the masthead-man reported several sail to the southward, and when they came to look at these sail with their glasses they saw that they were the upper sails of men-of-war, presumably Sir Charles Hardy's fleet. They were a long way off, but there was no doubt they were line-of-battle ships, and the officers began to scrutinise them with the view of picking out the *Victory*, Sir Charles Hardy's flagship, and steering for her.

Meanwhile they steered for the nearest ship, and by nine had got within signal distance of her, and perhaps of some of the others. In those days of war, when enemies might turn up in unexpected places and unexpected circumstances, there was in use a system of parole and counter-sign by means of flags, which were called the private signals. It was proper in all cases of doubt to use these signals; and even when you felt quite satisfied, it was proper to make the private signal, and to expect the answer when you met men-of-war at sea, just in case of accidents. The private signal proper to make from the *Ardent* was a Dutch jack at the fore topgallant masthead, and a Spanish pendant at the main: the answer was probably some arrangement of foreign flags in like order. The *Ardent* made the private signal, but the boatswain on the fore-castle was doubtful whether it could be seen on account of the top-gallant sails. He supposed, however, that they might see the Dutch jack at the fore.



It was blowing fresh now. The *Ardent* was running away south-west, with the wind on her port quarter. She was running straight away with her stern towards Plymouth, which was fifteen or sixteen miles off. The fleet was ahead of, and on each of her bows, standing towards the land, and as some forty of them were counted, they covered an enormous space of water. The *Ardent* was steering for the centre of this great line of ships, not only because that was the usual place of the admiral, but because the officers had made out the Victory where she was expected to be.

The nearest ships were three or four in number. They were frigates, separated as usual from the main body of the fleet, and some of them at least had shown their colours—the English blue ensign, which were the colours of Vice-Admiral Darby and Rear-Admiral Digby of Sir Charles Hardy's fleet. There were masses of ships much more to port (that is, much more to the left) than any of the other ships, and the *Ardent* was rather leaving them on her left hand as she stood on towards the main fleet. One of the frigates was much nearer than the others. There was some doubt as to whether any of these ships had answered the private signal. There were a good many signals flying about, and though the first lieutenant had been told to look out for the answer, he could not be certain whether any one ship had really answered. Kirkland, though he was not sure, rather thought it had been answered.

There had been a certain amount of scurry on board the *Ardent*. Having not been quite a week together, they hardly knew one another's names; and with such a large number of "green hands" on board it was necessary not only to give orders, but to show the men how they were to be obeyed. Then there was another thing. Though the wind was freshening and the sea was rising, the ship that Kirkland made out to be the Marlborough had her lower deck ports

up and her guns run out. Captain Boteler, as a smart man, anxious to follow the admiral's motions, and supposing that all the fleet would be in like condition, gave orders to run the lower deck guns out. They beat to quarters for this purpose, and Mr. Willis, the fourth lieutenant, who was stationed there, not only cleared his quarters, but loaded his guns. There was an idea that, as the fleet had their lower deck guns out, the enemy was near, and it was determined not to be unready. Afterwards they beat the retreat, and the men went about their work.

The breeze still freshening, and the masts beginning to complain, Captain Boteler ordered a reef in the topsails; and in the doubt about whether the private signal was answered or not, it was hauled down.

And now, as the nearest of the frigates to the left was approaching with an apparent intention of speaking the *Ardent*, she backed her maintopsail and lay to, to wait for her. They were all watching the frigate as she neared them, and no doubt speculating as to which of the score or so of Sir Charles Hardy's frigates this one was, and whether she was bringing them any orders. At a quarter-past ten, the doubt about the private signal was settled. The frigate hoisted French colours and fired a shot into them!

Like a dream, and not an awakening, it suddenly rushed into the minds of every officer and man in the ship that all the ships to windward were French, and all the ships to leeward were Spanish. Like a blast of cold air it struck them that ever since seven that morning they had been running cleverly and handily into the very middle of the Franco-Spanish fleet, and that there were more enemies' ships than they had guns to reply to!

The question now was, what was to be done? The ship was then lying with her stern to the land. Just in that direction for a small space there were no enemies; but all along to the left and all along to the right the sea

was crowded with them, and four of the frigates were coming up fast. There was vehement talk between the captain, the first lieutenant, the third lieutenant, the master, and the captain of marines. It was thought just possible that there might be an escape to the land through this gap, either to a port or to run the ship on shore. The helm was put up, the clew-garnets let run, and the ship was wore to the north-north-west. There was plenty of wind. The ship without top-gallant sails was going pretty fast; and when they got the studding sails set, except the main-topmast studding-sail, they got nine and a half knots out of her. But, either from indifferent steering or inherent sluggishness, she did not get away much from the frigates. There were four of them astern and on the starboard quarter: there was an eighty-gun ship, and a sixty-four gun ship, both French, close after the frigates. The Spanish fleet stretched away towards the land on the left, and the French fleet on the right, but further from the Ardent than the others.

The Ardent went to quarters, of course, and the frigates gave her more than she gave them, for they were so far astern that her guns seldom bore. She had already lost some in killed and wounded. There was great confusion and trouble on board all round, with the new ship, and the new crew, and the new officers. There was a difficulty about the supply of powder, and they were bringing up twenty-four-pound charges for the nine-pounders on the quarter-deck. Kirkland on the main deck was priming the guns himself to show the men how to do it. Then there was more or less indecision on deck. Paterson, Kirkland, and the master thought they might get away if they stuck to it. Captain Ross of the marines had made up his mind that they could not escape. Kirkland sent Mr. Waller, master's mate, on to the mainyard to get the main-topmast studding-sail set. Hall, the master, called him down again, and it was not set. Captain Boteler on the

quarter-deck was shouting to the captain of marines on the poop for his opinion. Captain Ross was shouting back again—both shouting because of the guns—that his opinion was, “that the situation was a very distressing one at the time.” The captain shouted: “What did Ross think he ought to do?” Ross shouted back that he “must do as he pleased.” Shouted at again by the captain, Ross bawled “that the impossibility of escaping spoke for itself what was to be done.” The corporal of marines, Sims, stated afterwards that what Ross had really said was that “we were in such a hobble, it would be best to strike.”

Suddenly, in the middle of all the turmoil, excitement and confusion, the captain called out, “G—d——it! Who hauled the ensign down!” The ensign was down, there was not a doubt about that! Some one, name unknown, had let fly the tack of the ensign, which, as usual in those days, was hoisted on the staff. Some one else, also name unknown, had let go the halyards, and then the ensign hung half up and half down for a bit until some third person, also name unknown, finished the business and hauled it down altogether. Then the word ran through the ship that she had surrendered. The captain was “in a frustration” on the quarter-deck. Willis, the fourth lieutenant, rushed up “distracted” at the thought of a French prison. The captain did not order the ensign to be hoisted again, but he gave orders to make sail; and it was then that the half attempt to set the main-topmast studding-sail was made.

So there was the ship going on nine and a half knots, with the four frigates and the other ships rather closing on her, firing into her as they got opportunity, and getting but a feeble reply. The ensign was down, there was no order to re-hoist it, and there was a kind of splitting the difference between surrendering and escaping. The pendant was still flying, and by that Captain Boteler took his stand. If the ensign was down, and it gave them any

advantage, such as decreasing the fire they were under—well. But if there should be any disadvantage in having made the usual sign of surrender, well again; for there was the pendant to show they had not surrendered.

Captain Ross had his marine small-arm men in the poop. As his corporal was attending the top-gallant braces, and there was no sailor-officer in charge of the poop, probably he was looking after it generally. At any rate he had had it in charge not to let the ensign be hauled down without the captain's orders. The frigates had never got near enough to come under fire of the marine small-arm men. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and perhaps that was the reason why Captain Ross's hands were found the work of hauling the ensign down. He said he only ordered the ensign to be hauled down; but as no one could be found to own to doing it, and as there is no doubt whatever that he had the order *not* to do it, it seems that for once in the life of that corps, a marine officer was found wanting in pluck. And this is confirmed by another thing. Little Mr. Murray, thirteen years old, so youthful that it was proper to ask him whether he knew the nature of an oath, happened to hear Ross get the order not to haul the ensign down. He happened also to hear the captain ask who hauled it down; and being the only decided person in the ship at the moment, he ran on to the poop to do the decided thing, and hoist the colours with his own hands. He had no orders to do it: he went of his own accord: no officer told him to hoist the ensign, but he "thought we were not to be taken like cowards," and tried to enforce the fact. "Who prevented him?" "Two marines."

So the ensign was not hoisted again; so in their indecision sail was not made; so the fire was but feebly returned; and so—although as far as

rigging was concerned only the jib halyards had been shot away and knotted again—H.M.S. *Ardent* hauled down her pendant, and surrendered to the combined fleets of France and Spain after a short commission of just one week.

The story is taken directly from the minutes of the court-martial which sat on board the *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbour under the presidency of Rear-Admiral Evans in the month of March, 1780. The result was the dismissal of Captain Boteler from the service.

He might easily have saved his commission had he been more prudent in his defence. He never ceased to recur to, and to rail at, the state of confusion in his ship due to the shortness of time since she was commissioned. It would have been better not to have said one word in this way. It was a thing unavoidable and obvious to the court, and would have weighed in his favour had he not so forced it on them. His men were very willing and alert: he should have dwelt on that, and he did not do it at all. He gave them faint praise when he should have given them warm praise. Boteler was evidently not at all a bad officer or a bad fellow. He should have held on for at least half an hour more, and allowed his spars to have been knocked about before he hauled his colours down, even had escape been impossible. But Captain Ross was the only man who seemed to be certain on that head, and it looks as though he did not like the shot flying about.

One would be glad to think some pleasant words were said to the tiny little Englishman who was only overcome by the force of two full-sized marines when he desired to express by his action the conviction that "they were not going to be taken like cowards."

## THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS.

You tell me, my dear George, that you have decided on the Profession of Letters (I adopt your capital ones, but would hint in passing that they have rather gone out of fashion with the late Lord Lytton), and you ask for my approval and sanction. There can be no question of sanction. You are your own master; and indeed my concern in your affairs has always, as you may have guessed, been dictated by friendship, never by law. Your father made you my nephew, and Providence made you an orphan while the law still called you an infant. My brother did indeed offer me the high responsibility of your guardianship; but many considerations, which I need not trouble you with, induced me to decline a compliment as surprising, I may say, as it was gratifying. During a life which can now be called long, and could at no time have been called entirely serene, I have invariably found my own responsibilities as much as I could conveniently manage; and your father had the most substantial reasons for knowing that my suggestion of his lawyer as a more fit person for the post was dictated neither by indolence nor caprice. Mr. Rowe, I am happy to think, has discharged his trust with the vigilance to be expected from a man who was conscious that his virtue would not be his sole reward. You say that you regard me as a second father. I am glad for your sake that you had a first; but, believe me, I appreciate the compliment. We two have been good friends from the first; and whenever my circumstances permitted me I have always been glad to increase the harmless stock of your youthful pleasures. Indeed, one of the few serious disagreements your poor father and I ever had was on the occasion of my presenting you with your first pony.

There was some misunderstanding about the payment, which he had eventually to settle, together with some additions sanctioned in such cases (it has always seemed to me unreasonably) by the law. I remember to have been a good deal hurt at the time by his insistence on the fact (rendered no more agreeable, as facts so seldom are, by its indisputable truth) that on the whole he found his presents to you came cheaper than mine. Well, rest his soul: he was a good brother to me, as he was a good father to you, and be it far from me to breathe a word against his memory.

But to have done with stealing this dim fire from the fountains of the past—the metaphor is the Laureate's, not mine, and is not, perhaps, among his happiest: even Prometheus would have been hard put to it to draw fire from a fountain. It was my purpose to show you that there never has been, and cannot be any question of sanction between you and me. In the first place, I was never your master: in the second, you are now your own.

But you ask also for my approval. That is another matter: let us consider it a little.

I may call myself, as Dr. Johnson was pleased to call himself, an old struggler. From my earliest manhood I have wrestled with Fortune, and I cannot honestly say that I have ever really got the better of the jade. Horace, you may remember, vowed that he could wrap himself in his virtue and hug honest poverty to his heart. That is very pretty in poetry; but in plain prose you will find virtue but a flimsy covering for an only one. As for poverty, let me frankly own that I could never hug it; but it has ever had a cursed awkward knack of hugging me. I began life on my own account with a capital of what used to

be called a liberal education and some two thousand pounds of debt, no income, and no profession. We need not now trouble ourselves with the causes of this untoward start: indeed I apologise for mentioning it, but it was in a manner necessary. Of course, I drifted into literature. The noble profession of Letters is the only one that needs no capital, no testimonials, no examinations, no apprenticeship. Any one can adopt it at any moment—take notice that I commit myself to nothing more. Well, I drifted into literature, and therein I have remained ever since. It is now more than—but these details are paltry. Many years have passed since I first took rooms in Grub Street, and I am too old to leave it now. My lodgings are more comfortable than they once were: 'twas a garret to begin with, and a garret it remained for too long a time to please me. Probably you have never read Béranger, but you will remember with how neat a hand our own Thackeray has turned the old Frenchman's praises of a garret.

"Making a mock of life and all its cares,  
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,  
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs  
In the brave days when I was twenty-one."

Pretty lines, are they not? Indeed, the whole piece is, in my poor judgment, about the best translation ever done out of any language into ours. But the reality, my boy, is not so pretty. Those stairs are deuced hard to climb when the vaulting days are done; and the view, when you get there, looks very bleak and dismal in the afternoon sun. Literature in a garret couples well with love in a cottage: both are pretty things to write about, but I have never met the man who has tried either and would willingly repeat the experiment.

But these are gloomy thoughts: we will not dwell on them. I do not wish to quench your youthful fires, nor to equip you for your campaign with the conviction that you are destined to disaster. But it would be still more from the purpose to flatter you with

the idea that the world of Letters lies before you, a fat oyster, waiting only to be opened by your pen. And as I have myself been through the mill as completely as most men, it is possible that my experiences may be of some service to you. At its best it can be but a negative service: they may teach you what not to expect. Wisdom they will not bring you—perhaps they have not brought it to me; but they may help to scatter an illusion or two, to prevent a disappointment. Some men are like paths,—they lead you to your journey's end: others (the large majority) are like finger-posts,—they only point the way you should not go to get there. Regard me, my dear boy, as a battered old finger-post.

You may remind me that you will not have to begin life in a garret. A cynic might retort by asking, what security have you that you will not end there? But your uncle is no cynic, though he has been called one; and I freely and cordially own that your star rises in a fairer sky than did mine. May it continue so to the setting! It is true: you can afford to lodge yourself like a gentleman with your household gods around you (you have a pretty taste, I noticed when I visited you at Oxford, for that agreeable but not inexpensive company) and to nourish your young fancies on some more cheerful fare than oatmeal. And now let us consider what are those fancies.

It is true that you will not have to begin life by writing for sheer bread—perhaps the greatest pain man has known since the primeval curse was spoken; yet you cannot afford to be idle or to indulge in whims, especially in that most expensive of all whims, writing to please yourself. You have enough to enable you, for the present at any rate, to live that you may write; but you must also write that you may live. I may wrong you, but I can hardly conceive you to be gifted either by nature or art with a frugal mind. It does not become me, as an

unworthy son of those kindly mothers to whisper a word against Eton or Oxford as places of education for the young; and indeed I honestly believe that they both, in their way, offer to young men, who will learn, the best possible opportunities of learning. But they must have changed abnormally even for these times of change if they have impressed upon you that wisdom of thrift which your uncle cannot suppose likely to be native. However, I need not go on in this strain, for you yourself own that you are anxious to supplement your income by your pen. In short, to put the matter coarsely, you must write for money. Dr. Johnson (who had also a knack of putting things coarsely) said that the man was a fool who wrote for anything else; and certainly a literary life entails so many stings and bruises that a little golden ointment is very comforting, even when not vital.

The Profession of Letters—a fine phrase! But what do you mean by Letters?

You are a sensible lad for your years, and I will therefore assume that you do not propose to burst upon the startled world with a "Childe Harold" or a "Vanity Fair." You will remember that your friend, Arthur Pendennis, did not begin his career with "Walter Lorraine." By the way, he began it with verses!—The parallel is not happy. You have, to be sure, a pretty knack at stringing rhymes, and your unsuccessful prize-poem on the birth (or was it the death?) of Buddha was really no worse than some successful ones I have read. But this knack is, you will find, no uncommon thing nowadays. Young England is quite a nest of—well, at any rate of rhyming birds. Very possibly you will find some good-natured folk to praise your rhymes; but, if you are wise, you will not depend on them for pudding. By all means amuse yourself that way in your leisure moments: never let any gift grow rusty; but you will do best to regard prose as the

more serious business of life. Being, then, I repeat, a sensible lad in the main, you will not hope to take the world by storm: you will try your wings on some humbler flight, and let the masterpieces come hereafter as may be. And come, no doubt they will; but they must be made, not born. The reverse is the more popular belief; but it will be safest for you to take my reading.

I have asked you what you mean by Letters—by Literature. Perhaps you will answer, in the words of your favourite critic, the study of the best that has been thought and said in the world, and the endeavour to add to it. A most admirable answer! Never lose touch of that high resolve, and in time it shall bear fruit,—only not yet. Liberty of choice, liberty of treatment, leisure to perfect—a time to work and a time to rest from work—

"The blackbird in the summer trees,  
The lark upon the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
Are quiet when they will."

There is the ideal life for the Man of Letters! A life to be led in some old college-room, where the sunlight slanting through the oriel alone brings memories of the common world, and the distant chimes from the grey chapel tower, mingling with the whisper of the limes to the drowsy summer air, are the only sounds to break the cloistered stillness. And you think, may be, of the young Milton roaming the Buckinghamshire fields, already rapt above the world and nourishing those mighty thoughts which were to lighten the darkness of his latter years; of Gray's life-long devotion to the Muses in his quiet Cambridge home; of Gibbon, when the last word was written in that garden-house among the acacias on the shores of the Swiss lake; of Shelley drifting in his boat under the Bisham woods; of Wordsworth reading the mystery of Nature in—

"the silence that is in the starry sky,  
the sleep that is among the lonely hills";  
of Macaulay, building his fame up



patiently in his student's cell in the Albany with the sleepless roar of London lulled to a pleasant murmur in his ear. Ah, golden dreams!—but there are steps on the staircase, and the rent is due next week, and the careless carol of the black-bird gives place to the plaintive cry of the starling who cannot get out. No, believe me, he who pipes for pay can afford to choose neither his tune nor his time of piping. But, you will say, those great men I have named were paid for their writings, and countless others. True; but between the man who makes money by literature, and the man who turns to literature that he may make money, there is a world of difference it is desperate work to travel.

Let us face the matter boldly. Do you not by Literature—forgive me if I hurt you—do you not perhaps mean Journalism? There is a good deal of airy talking nowadays about the difference between Literature and Journalism; and there is no easier or more effective way of depreciating a friend's work than to praise it for very good Journalism, but hardly Literature. But in truth the line is not easy to draw: one is conscious of a difference, but the two really melt almost indistinguishably into each other; and to lay your finger on the precise point where the one ends and the other begins would have puzzled that great maker of definitions, Samuel Johnson himself—who, I suspect, would indeed have troubled his wise head very little about the matter. But if by Journalism you mean only the daily effusions of the newspapers, admirable as for their purpose they so often are, they cannot rightly be included under the head of Literature, though possibly a little more of the latter element might do them no great harm. The very essence of their production inevitably forbids the qualities of Literature,—balance, measure, arrangement, lucidity of thought, and clearness of style. Let me quote you a passage from a great writer, more often, as it some-

times strikes me, praised than read. "Such parti-coloured ingenuities"—he is deprecating the "random theories and imposing sophistries and dashing paradoxes, which carry away half-formed and superficial intellects"—

"Such parti-coloured ingenuities are indeed one of the chief evils of the day, and men of real talent are not slow to minister to them. An intellectual man, as the world now conceives of him, is one who is full of 'views' on all subjects of philosophy, on all matters of the day. It is almost thought a disgrace not to have a view at a moment's notice on any question from the Personal Advent to the Cholera or Mesmerism. This is owing in a great measure to the necessities of periodical literature, now so much in request. Every quarter of a year, every month, every day, there must be a supply, for the gratification of the public, of new and luminous theories on the subjects of religion, foreign politics, home politics, civil economy, finance, trade, agriculture, emigration and the colonies. Slavery, the gold-fields, German philosophy, the French Empire, Wellington, Peel, Ireland, must all be practised on day after day by what are called original thinkers. As the great man's guest must produce his good stories or songs at the evening banquet, as the platform-orator exhibits his telling facts at mid-day, so the journalist lies under the stern obligation of extemporizing his lucid views, leading ideas, and nutshell truths for the breakfast-table. The very nature of periodical literature, broken into small wholes and demanded punctually to an hour, involves the habit of their extempore philosophy. . . . I am speaking of such writers with a feeling of real sympathy for men who are under the rod of a cruel slavery. I have never indeed been in such circumstances myself, nor in the temptations which they involve; but most men who have had to do with composition must know the distress which at times it occasions them to have to write—a distress sometimes so keen and so specific that it resembles nothing else than bodily pain. That pain is the token of the wear and tear of mind; and if works done comparatively at leisure involve such mental fatigue and exhaustion, what must be the toil of those whose intellects are to be flaunted daily before the public in full dress, and that dress ever new and varied, and spun like the silkworm's, out of themselves!"

These words were written by Cardinal Newman in 1852, as preface to his volume of discourses, which he has called "The Idea of a University,"—which volume, by the way, let me most earnestly commend to your notice. If they were true then, five

and thirty years ago, think how terrible must be their truth now, when the demand for this periodical form of literature has increased a thousand-fold, and the supply naturally in proportion! There are probably hundreds of men whom necessity has compelled to shatter their brains upon the cruel stones of Fleet Street, who might in happier conditions have done honour to Literature and to themselves. Such Journalism, it has been said, is the curse of Literature. It would ill become me to take up my parable against the newspapers: they served me well at a time when such service was of inestimable value to me. But when I think of the talents I have seen wasted and the lives wrecked on such hopeless and unending drudgery, I cannot but own there is some truth in the saying.

You are not likely, however, to be much concerned with this form of Journalism. Slavery and the Gold-Fields and German philosophy have gone a little out of date; though the Personal Advent and Mesmerism and Ireland are still popular topics. Politics and religion (which might more truly be called irreligion) are said to be the only subjects the general mind now cares to concern itself with. If you are wise you will keep your hands from both. At their best they are unsatisfactory matters to meddle with: meddled with in this random fashion they become something very much worse.

The Cardinal, you will see, lumps all periodical writing together—quarterly, monthly, weekly, daily; though his sympathies, and his antipathies, are more strongly stirred by the last. If you will take the advice of one who has worn the yoke, and escaped from it with feelings of unmixed joy, you will not take service on the daily press. At its best it is slavery: more or less honourable it may be, more or less remunerative; but slavery it is and must be. As for the editors, they, of course, are all honourable men; and some of them can, no doubt,

make, and do make, matters more agreeable to their bondsmen than others. But the editor of a daily paper cannot by the very reason of his existence afford to dispense the milk of his human kindness in too liberal measure. He must be a dictator, and all his men must obey him. An independent writer,—one who will not recognise that there are moments when the leopard not only can but must change his spots, and can find no other total for two and two but four,—is as fatal to the staff of a daily newspaper as an independent Member of Parliament is fatal to his party. There are, no doubt, contributors whom a sagacious editor will not unduly meddle with: there are subjects and seasons whereon and wherein he may find it convenient to allow a larger if not complete license. But it can never be safe to count upon these “heaven-sent moments” for the exercise of journalistic skill. A veteran will not expect them: an apprentice will almost certainly be disappointed if he does. Let him who is not prepared to place body and soul at the call of his editor keep clear of the daily newspapers, while there is a boot unblackened and a crossing unswept in London.

Let me guard myself against any misconception. I do not wish to declaim. A daily paper must be conducted on these principles, or it must cease to exist. An editor must be a despot—nay, a tyrant. I had never myself the privilege of serving under John Delane, but I know many who had. He was the most tyrannical who ever sat in an editor's chair; but he was a great tyrant, a wise tyrant. “He was created,” said one who knew him well, “he was created by Heaven to edit the Times.”

Of the daily papers, then, let this much suffice. But for those other opportunities for periodical writing which the Cardinal condemns, there is more, I think, to be said than he allows. Here again we will eliminate all questions of politics. It does not

seem to me possible that politics and Literature can, in any circumstances, come together while the former are conducted as they now are, and as they now, perhaps, must be. The divorce between politics and reason is now complete: even expediency, in the honest sense of the word, has little to do with them. They are purely a matter of partizanship even among those politicians whom it is most possible to respect: what they have sunk to among the rank and file, and even in some cases among men who once were leaders, the exigencies of the law of libel forbid me to explain to you. The proceedings of our House of Commons, if ever literally reported, would furnish you, however, with a vocabulary ample for the purpose. On a public such as that to which political writing (and perhaps we might add, political speaking) is now addressed, Literature would be wasted: they would not understand it, nor would they appreciate it if they did. Our present electoral system is probably the best that the unaided intelligence of mankind will ever devise for fostering all that is most deplorable in human nature, and most degrading to the human intellect.

But, setting politics, and for reasons already suggested, religion aside, there are many other subjects capable of treatment to which it seems to me somewhat arbitrary to refuse the name of Literature because it is published in a quarterly or monthly magazine. I grant you that often, too often, what you will read in such journals does not deserve that name; but that is not due to the inevitable laws of its manufacture. Not to mention the great essayists of the last century, consider how many famous names in Literature have within this century of ours worked in this way. Scott and Southey, Hazlitt and Lamb, Coleridge and De Quincey, Carlyle and Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens—if we take living names, which it is, I think, always best not to do where it can be avoided, the list of course could

be immensely increased: shall we refuse the name of Literature to the work these men did for the reviews? I do not say that you will begin your career with an essay on Milton for the Edinburgh Review; or an essay on Roast Pig for—what magazine shall we say? Macmillan's!—no doubt they would not be sorry to have it; or an essay on Johnson—there is Dr. Birkbeck Hill's admirable new edition of the immortal Bozzy for you to lay your hand on. But I do say that I think you may try the wings of your young ambition in these spheres without necessarily discrediting your high views of a literary life. Pray do not overlook the word *necessarily*.

On the other side there is this to be said: these regions are very full. Old and young the air is full of the rustle of their quills. We will not discuss the angry and so fruitless question whether the men of the former days were better than these.

"Let others hail the rising sun;  
I bow to that whose course is run."

An old fellow, whose own course is nearing the end, may say so much without offence; but, if he would close his days in peace, he will say no more. That such a plethora of geniuses at present swarms on our English earth as a rapturous young gentleman has lately maintained, I should for my part hesitate to assert; but possibly my hesitation is only due to my unfortunate ignorance of some nine-tenths of the heroes there immortalized. Let us not laugh at this young gentleman, but remember,

"There is delight  
In praising, though the praiser sit alone  
And see the prais'd far off him, far above."

However this may be, there can at least be no question that there is an immense amount of writing nowadays, on all subjects and among all conditions of men, including women, and the average quality of this writing is surprisingly good. This is probably

the case in other industries than the penman's; but of these it is not for me to speak. The most rigid upholder of the old order will hardly refuse my point so far as Literature is concerned. Nor is it surprising that this should be so. I may (as an old man) be permitted to doubt whether the great spread of education our age has seen has not somewhat lowered the standard of what in my time was meant by what you now call culture. But I cannot doubt that there are a far greater number of people existing now who know something about many things, and can turn that knowledge to account, than were in the world when I was young. There are many more people in search of a livelihood, women-folk especially; and, as I have already pointed out to you, the pen is an instrument that can be employed for that purpose by many who would be physically or financially incapacitated from pursuing other vocations. The Church, the Army, the Government Services, Law, Commerce: these require a regular training, and generally speaking, some share of that fatal obstacle to so many great designs, known as Capital. But the profession of Literature, as now practised, needs nothing. Pen, ink, and paper (a dictionary and a book of quotations are useful, but not essential), and there you are—equipped for service in the noble army of Letters. I do not say this is my view; but it would appear to be the popular one. Of course, too, the pen's sphere of exercise has immensely widened. The number of journals of all kinds and the number of publishers (also of all kinds), have greatly increased within the last generation: the reading public (a curious quantity that entirely baffles me) has greatly increased: the number of people who share Miss Rosa Dartle's burning thirst for information has greatly increased. What wonder that the number of writers has so mightily grown, and is growing every day?

How far you are prepared to take

your place in this busy bustling throng, I cannot yet tell. But I wish you to understand that you will find hundreds of men, ay, and of women too, at the system of whose education, if you knew it, you would doubtless turn up your classical nose, finding a market for their wares for which you may search in vain. In this hot race for existence, where all manner of devils are in wait for the hindmost, the first comer will be first served. Think how many have started before you! I wish you also to understand that the excellence of your work will not inevitably find you either an editor or a public. You have, so far as your letters enable me to judge, among your other studies not neglected the art of English composition. But, as an old friend of mine used to say (a signal instance, by the way, he was of a man whom fate or free-will has compelled to give up to Journalism what was meant for Literature), "It is no use printing in capitals if you have no ink." What avails it to build up a pretty house of words if you have no thought to put inside it? Moreover, these pretty houses are as common as "Queen Anne" villas and "Chippendale" furniture. A style (mark the use of the indefinite article) is so common now, that, for all the outcries it raised, it is impossible to deny the truth of that much-abused American saying, that no one now cared what you said, but how you said it. A style (indefinite article as before) is the easiest thing in the world to get, and there are as many ways of getting it as of "getting" religion. It is as easy to deface the English language as to deface an old church. Human intelligence is bounded; but to human folly there is no limit. Do not, then, imagine that you will succeed by the particular elegance of your writing alone. There will be rivals all round you to out-Herod you at this game; or your choicest epithets and most nicely balanced periods may be tossed into the waste-paper basket to make room for

"Some stupendous  
And tremendous (Heaven defend us!)  
Monstr'—inform'—ingens—horrend—ous  
Demoniac—Seraphic,  
Penman's latest piece of graphic."

Literature, you must always remember, is in the eyes of nearly all editors, and must be, before all things a commercial speculation. They are not the patrons but the clients of the public taste; and the dictates of that taste, though they may sigh as critics, they must as editors obey.

You may think all this rather tends to contradict my earlier words that the average quality of current writing is surprisingly good. Not so; but it is my chief desire to guard you from all misconceptions and disillusion, and I am therefore of design playing the part of the Devil's Advocate. There is a great deal of foolish writing (and of writing, I am sorry to say, worse than foolish) which finds its market, and must be counted in the balance against you. But there is also a great deal of sound, honest, intelligent journeyman work done, and with this also you will have to account. Two causes contribute to this. In the first place many men are now to be found in this division of the great literary army who a generation or two ago would have employed their talents in other ways. The spread of popular education has enlisted, for example, many men who have made themselves masters of some special branch of study: in former times they would probably have left some lasting monument of their labours as a legacy to posterity; but the claims of the present are too exacting,—they break their solid building into pieces and give them, to borrow a phrase from Goethe, to the pocket-books. Then comes a second race. These myriad hand-books, epitomes, primers,—all the little books in short, over which your friend Will Waterproof shed his vinous tears, have enabled numbers to assume at least the virtue of knowledge. The erudition our forefathers amassed through the long process of

laborious days can now, for all practical purposes and in all sufficient quantities, be acquired in even less than the thirty lessons in which an ingenious Frenchman (whose name I regret to have forgotten) once proposed to teach poetry. The labour of a life-time has become the plaything of an hour. Young ladies will explain the principles of Greek Art or the intricacies of Scriptural Chronology: young gentlemen will popularize the profoundest discoveries of Science or the divinest peradventures of Philosophy; and all this shall be done with a fluency and precision that sets my poor old-fashioned brain whirling. Do not think I am sneering at these "young light-hearted masters" of modern wisdom. Far from it: my admiration vies with my astonishment as I read. Among such competitors, then, you propose to take your place. And bear this also in mind: the popular dislike for anonymous writing (a wise dislike in reason, but too often only idle curiosity on one side and an ignoble vanity on the other) makes an unknown writer's condition much harder than it was. Formerly he took his place (if he were lucky enough to find it) among his elders and his betters to be judged on the merits of his work. But now the hasty public, who devours its literature standing on one leg, will not read an article to see if it be good: they turn to the list of names to see if there be anything worth wasting their scanty leisure on. Now you, my boy, bear a name you have no reason to be ashamed of; but it is not yet one with which these editorial sportsmen would choose to "fish St. Grubby's brook."

It will be plain to you then that Literature thus practised is a very different thing from the high ideal you have formed. For this reason I should hesitate to recommend any young man with high resolves and romantic aspirations to adopt Literature as a livelihood. Successful he may be in the end; but he will only

reach success through a thorny hedge of hopes deferred and illusions scattered; and life must ever be so full of disappointments that I am loth to let any advice of mine add to their list. Walter Scott's saying is truer now than it was even in his day: I do not feel sure that Literature is a good stick: I am very sure that it is a bad crutch. If you have fixed to stand by your decision you must choose for your crutch some other wood than the laurel. For the heaven-born genius there is always room; but it will save you from many troubles if you can manage to doubt that you are a genius until you have proved yourself one. My good friend Jack Massingbird (you like his novels, I know), who has for many years rejected my contributions with unswerving consistency, always assures me that Literature (by which he seems to mean everything but fiction) does not pay; and certainly he gives the most practical adherence to his own creed. He is right, I think, to this extent, that pure Literature does not pay, unless weighted with a name that is good in the market. No man nowadays will wake to find himself famous over whose head fame has not been bent like a tester over-night. Industrious friends may indeed puff an unknown writer into sudden notoriety; but those early monuments are not enduring. Take a typical instance: if the young Macaulay were to bounce "like a burnished fly in pride of May" upon the world to-morrow morning with his essay on Milton, he would not find his breakfast-table covered with invitations from all the best houses in London; nor is it possible to conceive Mr. Spurgeon, let us say, lying on the floor to verify with dictionary and grammar the parallel between the author of the "Divine Comedy" and the author of "Paradise Lost." There are not perhaps many Macaulays writing just now; but there are a great many writers who satisfy

the public taste quite as well as Macaulay would now, or in his day did. The reading public, as you so often hear, and as I have myself reminded you, has enormously increased in these latter days: so has the electoral suffrage. I will not insult your intelligence by pushing my parallel further.

And now, I think that I have done. It is but little that I have done, but I told you that my service could be but negative. My observations have perhaps been somewhat vague; but you will remember that my knowledge of your qualifications for the profession you wish to adopt is necessarily also somewhat vague. Let me trust that the bearings of these observations may have at least something of the merit of Jack Bunsby's. I shall conclude with two practical pieces of wisdom,—and they may go by this name, for they are not mine. This is one, written by Dr. Arnold to a lad at Oxford: "Consider that a young man has no means of becoming independent of the society about him. If you wish to exercise influence hereafter, begin by distinguishing yourself in the regular way, not by seeming to prefer a separate way of your own." The other is a reflection made by Macaulay, if my memory serves me, in his journal, on a proposed Guild of Literature and Art, or some similar association. "The less," he wrote, "that we literary men see of each other, I think the better." This may strike you as a hard saying; but all, or nearly all literary men (and this applies to all artists) have two natures: they have the common heritage of human nature, and they have besides the particular nature of their class. Among them it has been my fortune to meet with some of the best specimens of the former I have ever known: the latter is very earthly and not seldom very devilish. And so, my boy, your affectionate uncle bids you good-by now, and good luck always.



## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

To free a race, to found a nation—there is a work to be had in remembrance among men, a thought to join the ages, telling of the gods and heroes of the past. Great are they who have accomplished this, strong in the will that commands obedience, full of the courage that knows no defeat, rich in the devotion that calls men to duty; and happy is the people that finds such a leader, else it may sit for ever in the house of bondage. Such an one was Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Negro. He was a man of various fortunes and eventful life. More than forty years had he lived, a slave among slaves, before he was called to be the ruler of his people. Like David, the shepherd boy of Judah, who came forth to be her deliverer and her king, he felt the joy of victory and dominion: like Joan of Arc, the saviour and martyr of France, he tasted a bitterness worse than the bitterness of death. Deep sunk in degradation, he rose "to height of noblest temper," such as theirs, and to his valour joined fortitude and wisdom. He found his people in all the wilfulness of aimless anarchy: he left it so strong and united that all the power of Napoleon fought against it in vain. In this slave was found the one man fit to command in war, or to govern in peace: the one man free from the prejudice of race and the desire of revenge: just and merciful after ages of tyranny, incorruptible and generous after ages of abasement.

Long before the days of Toussaint, Hayti or San Domingo, the Queen of the Antilles, was famous in history; for there Columbus established his first settlement in America, and there was first enacted that shameful tragedy

which has been repeated wherever, to the ruin of a simpler race, the resources of civilisation have been at the command of European rapacity. The colonists began to oppress the natives—simple children of idleness and mirth. The Indians took up arms—they were reduced to slavery, to till the ground and labour in the mines for the benefit of their oppressors. When they rebelled, their hardships were increased. At length, bowed down by war and famine and unwonted toil, it seemed as though they would soon die out; and then there rose up to defend them that remarkable man who received the title of Protector of the Indians. The monk Las Casas was one of those over whom devotion to a particular cause has gained a complete mastery—a specialist in philanthropy, and perhaps the most convincing instance of the dangers of specialism. To save the remnant of the Indians, he proposed the introduction of Negroes, men of a race more fitted to endure; and thus he established the African slave trade. He did not succeed in preserving the natives: he was only successful in enslaving the Blacks. The Negroes were not the saviours of the Indians; but in the end they became their avengers. Hayti, the first to suffer from these evils, was the first to rise up against them, and the first to be free.

But something else was needed to prepare the way for this high destiny. By the Peace of Ryswick the western portion of the island was transferred to France, and thus was linked to the fortunes of the great progressive nation in which the modern revolution reached its stormy climax. There the first systematic attack on slavery began, when Montesquieu traced it

to its origin, and Rousseau brought against it the eloquence that then had such power over men. Finally Diderot, launching his burning words from behind the mask of Raynal, cried aloud for a Spartacus to arise and lead his fellow-slaves to vengeance. Had Diderot but known it, that Spartacus was already born, a lad keeping his master's sheep on the plantation of Breda, who will be ready, when his hour has come, to labour and to die for his people.

Toussaint's father, the son of a chief of the Aradas, had been taken prisoner in a war with a neighbouring tribe, and disposed of to the slave-traders, by whom he was brought to Hayti, and sold to work on the plantation of the Comte de Noë at Breda. The manager of the estate soon saw that he was no ordinary slave; for in their exile the Negroes strove to maintain the customs of their native land, and in their common degradation to do honour to the son of their chief. Thus, distinguished by the respect of his fellows, Gaou Guinou was soon promoted to a place of trust, and given what was called the liberty of the savannah—that is, he was allowed to go about as he pleased, and was assigned a piece of land for his maintenance. He married a slave of his own tribe, and had several children, the eldest of whom was destined to be the liberator of his race. Toussaint as a boy was weak in health, and yet by courage and force of character he excelled in all manly exercises. Like all the slaves of San Domingo, he was brought up in the Catholic faith, and the devotion kindled in his young heart lasted to the latest hour of his life. His godfather, Pierre Baptiste, who lived to see him ruler of the country, was much superior to the other Negroes in education, and by him Toussaint was taught all that he had to teach, but from his father he learnt much more—the history of his ancestors, fondly cherished in servitude, and the thought that he, too, in spite of that servitude, was born to be a leader of men. The

manager of the plantation, M. Bayou de Libertat, was honourably known for his kindness to the slaves—"as happy as a negro at Breda" became a proverb. So far Toussaint was fortunate, but not he alone. How many white men owed their lives to the happiness of those early days at Breda, the cruelties of Dessalines, of Christophe, of every other Negro leader bear witness. Toussaint went through the usual course of slave life. As a boy he tended the sheep: when he grew older, he worked in the sugar plantations; then, his good conduct being recognised, he was promoted to be his master's coachman, and eventually to have charge of the storehouses of sugar. In his leisure he loved reading, especially history and the lives of great captains, and he read, with what stirring of the heart we may imagine, the book of Raynal,<sup>1</sup> which was already passed in secret from hand to hand among the slaves. Meantime, his warm and hopeful youth was passing into middle age: he was married, and his children were growing up around him—a peaceful life, almost a happy one. Here with love and duty he could pass his days, and smile perhaps at his youthful dreams of freedom; but still there was the longing to be free. And at length were heard the first murmurings of the coming storm.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution there were in the colony forty thousand white men, thirty thousand free mulattoes, and five hundred thousand slaves. The former were themselves divided. There were the wealthy planters living in luxury, often in luxurious vice, in the midst of their slaves: the public officials: the managers of the estates of the many absentees, doing their best to live as though they were themselves proprietors: the merchants and other Europeans engaged in trade; and beneath all a rabble of adventurers, the offscouring of the mother-country,

<sup>1</sup> "Histoire philosophique et politique des deux Indes."

come forth to prey on her richest colony. Below these were the free mulattoes, often wealthy, but always inferior to the meanest white men, deprived of all share in public life, and liable to forced labour. Custom forbade a mulatto eating at the same table, or sitting in the same pew as a white man, even though it were his own father. And below these again, visited by the contempt of white man and mulatto alike, were those by whose unrequited labour the plains produced their wealth of sugar and coffee and indigo—the half-million of slaves. To a people thus divided came the news of the fall of the Bastille. In the beginning all was rejoicing, for few Frenchmen in that first hour of hope could recoil from the great destiny opening before their country. But besides this general feeling, each saw in the Revolution the satisfaction of his own claims—the great planters, that the public offices of the colony should no longer be filled by needy courtiers or discarded politicians: the meaner white men that all of their own colour should now be equal: the mulattoes, that their grievous burdens should be removed. On one thing only were they all agreed—that the position of the Negroes should remain the same; for them there could be no equality and no relief, slaves now and for ever.

At length an event took place which completed the enmity between the white men and those of mixed blood. Vincent Ogé, a young mulatto, impatient of the ambiguous decisions of the Constituant Assembly, tried to obtain justice for his fellows by force of arms. His rising, ill-planned and ill-supported, was easily suppressed, and he himself, after being tortured, was broken on the wheel; but the cruelty of the victors put an end to all hopes of an accommodation between the two parties. And then the storm burst. For long, indeed, the white men had talked about the possibility of such a rising, seeking thereby to frighten the mulattoes. They had even, to give colour to their warnings,

surprised some meetings of slaves near Cap François, the capital of the Northern Province, and handed them over to the executioners; but when they saw, on that fearful night of August 22nd, 1791, the flames ascending to heaven from the rich plain around Cap, as though to consume with fire the iniquity of men—when plantation after plantation took up the fiery cross, till the conflagration encompassed them about on every side save that of the sea—then the universal panic told how little they had expected the fulfilment of their predictions. In that first moment of enfranchisement and power, the Negroes had neither mercy nor restraint. Their disorder and intemperance gave the white men, still in possession of Cap François, a moment to rally in; and as a result ten thousand black men, dying by every kind of torture, were added to the two thousand white men massacred on the plantations. Then some of the slaves, leaving plunder and indulgence, began to organise bands under leaders of their own—Biasson, Jean François, Jeannot—and formed a camp at Plea-sance; and there, more than a month after the outbreak of the revolt, they were joined by Toussaint.

What, then, had he been doing during that month, the first month of freedom for the slave—he who had dreamed in the vigour of his youth that he might be the Spartacus of his countrymen? He was now no longer young, a man of middle age with scarce twelve years to live; and yet his life had but begun. While life remains, the book of life is never closed: hope and heroism still have their part; and through years of unnoticed labour the glow of youth may break and find the fulfilment of its utmost dreams. Toussaint was forty-five years of age when the rising of the slaves began. What he had so long hoped for, had come to pass; but week after week went by, and yet he made no sign. While all around was riot and excess, he was spending his first hours of liberty in

guarding the wife of him who had been his master. So in the great Civil War of America, the slave-owners went forth to battle, leaving all they held dearest in the keeping of their slaves, a shining testimony to the love and loyalty of the Negroes; for, surrounded on all sides by the civilisation of the West, they foresaw that when the contest was over, they would still have to dwell under the power of the white men, and wisely left the more advanced race to decide their fate, while they stood by and waited,—as their fathers had waited since the dawn of civilisation, leaving it to others to fight their way along the troubled road of progress. But in Hayti everything was different. Even had France been ready to abolish slavery, the France of the Revolution was fully occupied at home. The black men could expect no freedom save what they won for themselves, and their overwhelming numbers gave them good hope of victory. Toussaint recognised this; and, as soon as his mistress was placed in safety beyond the sea, he repaired to the Negro camp. There he found everything still in confusion, no capacity among the leaders, no discipline among the men. No one could be found to tend the sick and wounded, and this duty Toussaint, who had gained a knowledge of simples from his African father, took upon himself. At length the Negroes, with his warm approval, determined to seek the protection of Spain, and then he became a soldier.

In the eastern portion of the island, which still remained in possession of the Spaniards, the soil was much poorer, and the rearing of cattle took the place of the cultivation of sugar and coffee. There were fewer slaves, and little fear of an insurrection. Consequently the Spanish authorities were not afraid to welcome the insurgents, trusting to find them useful in the event of a war with France, which, as the Revolution unfolded itself, became more and more imminent. In the Spanish camp, as

Toussaint had anticipated, the Negroes rapidly improved in discipline. He himself soon showed his talents for war. He was at first aide-de-camp to Biassou, but was entrusted with a separate command after the death of Lewis the Sixteenth. Instead of wasting his resources in idle sallies, he at once struck into the heart of the enemy's country, and forming a line from east to west, protected by palisades, he cut off the Northern Province from the South, and thus completed the disorganisation of the French. It was at this time, when he burst into the country, making an opening for himself everywhere, that he received the name of L'Ouverture. Meanwhile the English landed in the South, taking most of the fortified towns, and were only held in check by the bravery of a mulatto, named Rigaud, who was destined hereafter to play a part in the life of Toussaint. And now, when everything seemed lost, the Convention, by an act of justice too long delayed, saved their richest colony, and blasted the triumph of their enemies. General Laveaux, who commanded the French troops, was ready to abandon the country in despair, and the Republican commissioners were on the point of embarking for Europe to give an account of their conduct, when they received the decree of the Convention proclaiming the liberty of the Negroes; and the hopes of Spain and of England fell before those words of brotherhood, as the walls of Jericho fell before the trumpets of Israel.

Dread is the moment when all that has been held most sacred has to be cast out, and that which has been thought the abomination of desolation to be taken into the inmost sanctuary of the heart; when, generation after generation, each follows in the ways of his fathers, until at last the time of revolution comes, and many have to take the road to Damascus by which they will never return unchanged. So it was with Toussaint. When in his youth his spirit chafed

at servitude, there seemed but two links binding him to freedom: the one, the remembrance of the kingly state of his ancestors; and the other, the Catholic Church, joining him in religious communion with the life of the West, and that not as a bondsman, but as one before the throne of God the equal of the greatest kings. And as he grew older, and the day still tarried, reverence and obedience, the dearest virtues of the slave, became by long practice more and more precious. In a mind so prepared, what but horror could be inspired by the Revolution? And these sentiments were shared by a large number of the best of the rebels. The Spaniards, profuse in titles and honours to those who cared for such things, were not slow to take advantage of these nobler feelings. Lewis was represented as having suffered because he wished the freedom of the Negroes; and by a strange irony the revolted slaves went out to battle under a flag bearing on the one side, *Vive le roi*, and on the other, *Ancien régime*. And then, like a flash of lightning sent from heaven to illumine the earth, came the decree of the Convention. These, then, were the traitors and infidels, these who alone among those that sat in high places, had recognised their brotherhood with the slaves. To Toussaint that decree of emancipation cried with a voice that would not be gainsaid, bidding him throw in his lot with the French Republic. A short time, filled with such struggles as in hours of crisis rend the prophets of mankind, and L'Ouverture with his troops, who were devoted to his service, was fighting in the ranks of the French.

From this time, the summer of 1794, the history of Hayti is that of L'Ouverture. General Laveaux left him the chief direction of the war, and he soon recovered all the territory of which the Spaniards had taken possession. But the distrust with which the French officials were regarded was a fatal hindrance to the restoration

of order. L'Ouverture was already the most powerful man in the colony, enthusiastically loved by his own countrymen, and respected even by the white men. To put an end to the existing anarchy, he determined to obtain control of the administration, and to that end procured the election of Laveaux and of Sonthonax, the commissioner of the home government, as the representatives of the island in the two councils, under the constitution of the year III. They accordingly set out for Europe in 1797, leaving L'Ouverture supreme in the colony. Nearly a year afterwards, a new governor, Hédouville, was sent out; but he was driven on board ship by a revolt of the Negroes, before L'Ouverture, who some years earlier had saved Laveaux from a similar fate at the hands of the mulattoes, could, or perhaps would, come to his assistance. Thenceforth, until the beginning of 1802, L'Ouverture's authority was undisputed from without, and it is only necessary to consider the use that he made of it.

It so happens that Hayti was visited about this time by an English officer, Captain Marcus Rainsford, who was driven into Port-au-Prince by stress of weather, while on his way to Jamaica. During the time he remained in the capital, he passed as an American, but on being again driven ashore at another place, he was charged with being an English spy, and condemned to death. From this fate he was saved by L'Ouverture, for whom he ever after retained a deep admiration, and whose memory he exerted himself to defend. At Port-au-Prince he was amazed at the republican simplicity with which the Dictator lived, while yet regarded with universal veneration. Rainsford dined at the public table of his inn, a little drummer-boy beside him, and the all-powerful L'Ouverture a few seats off; and after dinner the general played in the public billiard-room. But the next morning, the English officer was even more surprised at the extraordinary discipline of the army, composed as it was of a race so little used

to an ordered military life. In fact, when Toussaint first joined the French, his army contained the only germ of order in the colony, and so became the centre around which he carried on his re-organisation. Feeling the need of obedience, and its difficulty to a newly-emancipated race, he gave each officer the absolute power of life and death over all those of inferior grade, a slavery that was necessary for the freedom of Hayti. He himself inspired such awe that, when at the head of his army, his fiercest generals, even Dessalines, scarcely ventured to look him in the face.

Closely allied with the army was his organisation of industry, which has been his enemies' favourite ground of attack. How to deal with slaves just emancipated, has always been a difficult task; but assuredly Hayti, beset by foes within and without, was no place for "Willyforce niggers" and universal idleness. When L'Ouverture first took the direction of affairs, he found the plantations deserted, the emancipated thronging the towns, and the liberty of his race perishing ignobly in slothfulness and vice. He determined to put a stop to this at any cost, and he did so by ordering those who had been slaves to work on the plantations. And as in most cases the old proprietors had fled, he appointed public overseers from among those who had done good service in the army, to see that the order was carried out. So when the domestic slavery of the old world fell, the workers had still to serve a long apprenticeship to freedom; and having as slaves received the gift of labour, they had as serfs to gain the habit of self-command. The serf is free in his domestic life, bond in his public life, a master in his family, and working in part for his own advantage, but without being able to choose either the place or the work. Thus has Western civilisation progressed from slavery, through serfdom, to freedom. So L'Ouverture, knowing nothing of the evolution of society, but with the clear sight of

the practical statesman, saw that his countrymen must serve their apprenticeship to freedom. How much of weary wandering the human race might have been saved, if its statesmen had been always so ready to anticipate its natural course! Viewed in the light of history, this, which has been called the re-establishment of slavery, was really the normal transition from slavery to freedom, at once the salvation of Hayti and the crowning testimony to the statesmanship of its great Dictator.

Before the English surrendered their last fortress, General Maitland, their commander, offered Toussaint the crown of Hayti. Himself in possession of the island, and the English masters of the sea, France would have been powerless to touch him; but he shrunk from an alliance with the slaveholders of Jamaica, and, refusing the offer, he determined to remain faithful to the great Republic which had decreed the emancipation of the slave. But after the expulsion of the invaders, there remained one enemy still in the field.

The mulatto Rigaud remained faithful to France in the darkest hours of danger. He fought bravely against the English without coming in contact with Toussaint, who was operating from the other side; and now that the war was over, he found himself in possession of the Province of the South, which forms a long peninsula. But, like all the mulattoes, born to bind together the two races, and living to separate them, "hating their fathers and despising their mothers," Rigaud was full of the prejudices of colour. He refused to acknowledge the authority of L'Ouverture, and claimed that the Southern Province should be recognised as a separate government. Now, even had L'Ouverture been willing to leave the Negroes of the South to the tender mercies of Rigaud, the continuance of the war between France and England would have made such a separation dangerous in the extreme. He therefore sent Dessalines against



the mulatto general, and after a contest marked by unusual ferocity on both sides, Rigaud was forced to submit. Then L'Ouverture made his triumphal entry into Cayes, the chief town of the province, and the people assembled in the church, the mulatto leaders awaiting their doom. Amidst the hush of expectation the Dictator ascended the pulpit, and in words of brotherhood and mercy proclaimed to his astonished listeners a universal pardon. Rigaud at once embarked for France, and the island was at peace.

In the next year L'Ouverture took possession of the Spanish part of Hayti, ceded to France by the Treaty of Bâle, but not delivered up until this time. He was now master of the whole country, but his position in relation to the home government became more and more precarious. In France was collected a long succession of his enemies, from the planters who had fled on the first rising of the Negroes, to Rigaud and the leaders of the last mulatto rebellion; and they had the powerful support of Josephine, the First Consul's wife, who had brought with her from her native Martinique a strong sympathy with the creoles, and a strong antipathy to the black men. Moreover, there were many signs that the war between England and France would soon be at an end, and the seas once more open to the French. He thought it time that the mother-country, though only such by a forcible adoption, should recognise as governor for life him who alone had successfully defended and governed Hayti. He therefore transmitted to France a new constitution for the colony. In this, the first article declared that slavery should never exist in the island; then followed others providing for the equality of all races before the law, the freedom of trade, the prohibition of divorce, and the exclusive protection of the Catholic religion, than which none other was to be professed; and finally, the nomination of Toussaint as governor for life, with power to name his successor,

who was, however, only to hold office for five years, the right of appointment then passing to the home government. A few words must be said on each of the two last clauses.

In those early civilisations that laid the foundations of social order, there was no separation of the spiritual and temporal powers. The priesthood was over all, controlling all, consecrating all; and the king, if he were not a priest himself, was no more than an instrument reigning by the consecration of the theocracy. Under such a government there was no place for freedom of thought; and no distinction arose between the force of law and the force of public opinion, for that distinction is of much later growth. Now, as in his organisation of industry, so in his relations with the Catholic Church, Toussaint must be judged in reference to those earlier states of society which were so analogous to that of the people of Hayti. For though himself at the level of the best civilisation of the West, he never thought that contact with European slave-drivers was sufficient to raise the black man at a bound to that high eminence; and to aid the long upward struggle that he foresaw for his race, the beloved Church of his youth, the institution least tainted by slavery, seemed the fittest instrument. For this it was necessary that the Church should be in the highest position of authority. In his eyes it was no question of the assent of the individual conscience, but of the binding together of the whole race, and its transfusion with the civilisation of the Catholic West. And of this new theocracy he was ready to be both prophet and ruler, even as Melchisedec priest and king of Salem. His proclamations, his discourse in the church at Cayes, his addresses to his soldiers, are theocratic sermons, with an army of thirty thousand men and the devotion of a nation behind them. They abound in exhortations to temperance, industry, obedience; and that to which they exhort, they enforce with all the power of a

military despot. The proclamations of L'Ouverture breathe all the spirit of the theocracy.

But if he cared little for freedom of thought, still less did he care for the modern democracy. What should he know of vote by ballot and universal suffrage, who had stepped from slavery to all the power of a victorious general? His fitness to rule rested on no popular choice, though his people would have chosen him gladly; but on the deeds he had done in the sight of men,—he who had saved his country from invasion and anarchy, who from the chaotic license, born of the wrongs and woes of slavery, was building up a settled and enduring freedom. And who so fit to choose his successor as he who knew the work and had spent his strength in doing it? L'Ouverture did not venture to make this article of permanent effect; but he doubtless hoped that those who came after him, would do so, should they fall on happier times. It was this method of succession, named by Comte sociocratic heredity, that gave the Roman Empire its splendid series of the five good emperors when, for the only time in human history, as Gibbon has said, the happiness of the governed was during eighty years the supreme consideration of their rulers. And, further, it was adopted by Bolivar, the liberator of Peru, in circumstances very similar to those of Hayti, though in this case with a mixture of the democratic element as regarded legislation; and this has been called by Carlyle, "the reasonabest democratic constitution you could well construct."

But Toussaint was already too late. Before the draft of the new constitution reached France, the Peace of Amiens had been signed, and Buonaparte had leisure for the destruction of Hayti. A decree was promulgated placing the colonies in the same state as they were in before the revolution, and re-establishing the slave trade; and though a later decree excepted the Negroes of San Domingo and Guadeloupe from slavery, Toussaint foresaw

that they would have again to fight for their freedom. The great expedition to Hayti soon followed the decrees, although its Dictator had maintained unbroken his allegiance to France. As he saw from Cap Samana the great fleet and the transports filled with the veterans of Hohenlinden, he turned to his officers, saying, "We must perish: all France is coming to San Domingo, to take vengeance on and to enslave us." To this overwhelming force prudence counselled him to yield. Nor did he forget that France was the first among the nations to recognise the freedom of the slave; and though Condorcet and Danton, Carnot and Hoche, had given place to Buonaparte, France still bore the name of Republic. He therefore hastened towards Cap Français, for which the fleet was making, as he feared that Christophe, whom he had left in command, would refuse to admit the French without his orders. His way, as he pressed on through the night, led over the wide plain in which stood the plantation where he was born and grew to manhood; where but ten years before he was living the life of a slave; where, if the war broke out and so gave fitting occasion, his fellows might return to bondage. Perhaps, as he rode on in silence, he thought of that August night when the plain shone with the fires that told of the advent of liberty. And then, as he journeyed, there burst once more over the plain the light of a great conflagration. The war he was hastening to prevent had begun, and Cap Français was in flames.

As some of the Negroes were already compromised, Toussaint thought himself bound to join in the contest. His two sons, Placide<sup>1</sup> and Isaac, whom he had sent to France as hostages, and who returned with the expedition, were allowed to visit him, in the hope that he might be induced to abandon

<sup>1</sup> Placide was only his adopted son, the child of Madame L'Ouverture by a mulatto, before her marriage with Toussaint, according to the manners of the days of slavery.

the cause of his comrades. Once before he had been tried thus, when his nephew Moyse had risen against him, thinking him too friendly to the white men. Then he had not hesitated to insure the equality of all at the price of his kinsman's blood; and now he sent his children back with Roman firmness, and sternly turned to the duties that lay before him. The war did not last long. The vacillation of Toussaint at the beginning—so unlike his usual decision—daunted the hearts of his soldiers, while many defections were brought about by the insinuating proclamations of the French, whose promises we now know to have been very different from their intentions. Toussaint was obliged to sue for peace: he was granted easy terms, and allowed to retire to a house in the country. A few weeks after, he was invited to meet one of the French generals to discuss the affairs of the island, and was treacherously seized, gagged, and taken on board a ship, which immediately set sail for Europe. He never saw Hayti again. The life he had begun as a slave, he was destined to end as a prisoner.

His fate was hidden from the world. The love, the hope, the gratitude of his country sought tidings of him in vain. Wordsworth, looking forth from his quiet dales on the storms of the great world without, gave those doubts a voice that will be heard for ever. And before he died, the powers that worked for him laid in the dust the proud troops of France. The seasons did their work, and earth, air, and skies proclaimed that the Negro alone should live and rule in Hayti. Other leaders arose to destroy the invaders whom the fever spared—other leaders and less merciful ones; for the French found the little finger of Dessalines thicker than the loins of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

High in the mountains of the Jura stands the old fortress of Joux. There, a close prisoner hidden from the sight of men, in a cell dark and cold, this child of the Tropics lived for

eighteen months, and there he died. There his sleepless vigilance was laid asleep for ever, and his unresting energy was at rest. Toussaint perished, but his country was free. Six months after his death the wreck of the French army embarked for Europe, and France abandoned Hayti for ever. "So solid were the foundations he had given his work, that on the day when a criminal policy attempted to destroy it, the edifice was found to be already indestructible, and to withstand all assaults."<sup>1</sup>

And what of Hayti? Much has been changed since the days of Toussaint. Those who once ruled are gone: no white man can enjoy the rights of citizenship, nor be the possessor of land. The sugar plantations, too, are gone: sugar is no longer stored up at Breda, no longer grown in the great plain around. Coffee and cotton and indigo there are; but the cultivation of the sugar-cane is too strongly associated with the sufferings of the days of slavery. The Catholic Church, although it still exists in the island, no longer rules the conscience and directs the life of the people, no longer joins the Haytians to the traditions of the West. Many have returned to the primeval Fetichism of their African forefathers: a religion of blood and cruelty among the descendants of

<sup>1</sup> "Toussaint L'Ouverture," by Pierre Lafitte; a work to which I am much indebted. Pamphile de Lacroix has related the course of events in Hayti, while lives of Toussaint have been written by his adopted son, Placide; by S. Rémy, a Haytian, who under the pretensions of the *homme noir* hides all the bitterness of the mulatto; and by Gragnon Lacoste. In addition to Rainsford's work, there is an English life by a Unitarian minister named Beard, a very weak performance. Toussaint has been made the subject of a noble sonnet by Wordsworth, of a tragedy by Lamartine, and of a romance, "The Hour and the Man," by Harriet Martineau; and he has been placed by Auguste Comte in the new calendar of great men, in the week devoted to the patriot liberators of modern times, with Hampden, Cromwell, and Sidney, with Washington and Bolivar.

the fierce Mondongues, a pious worship of beneficent nature among the Aradas. In their native land the Negroes worshipped the great serpent that was harmless to man, thinking in the true spirit of Fetichism that, as it alone of its kind was not hurtful, it must be filled with love of the human race. And when they again found such a serpent in the land of their exile, they secretly revived under other skies the religion of their ancestors and their home. The old jealousy between the mulattoes and the black men remains; and the island has long been disturbed by two parties, one of which, composed chiefly of the latter, seeks to maintain a strong central government carrying on the traditions of Dessalines and L'Ouverture, while the other, in which the mulattoes take the lead, clamours for a democracy with all the latest improvements. Yet, in spite of these troubles, the trade of the country doubled in the fifty years before 1873, and there exists a diffused prosperity which allows the whole people to live in comfort, and puts to shame the great nations of the world. Even casual observers notice the superiority of the Negroes to those of Jamaica, whose insolence is a byword in Hayti. There the hopes of the other islands are centred; and if any of the other

natives of the West Indies show an energy or ability above their fellows, they betake themselves to the Negro republic on the first chance. The Indians have passed away, and their oppressors have followed them; yet the Negroes love to remember that they hold the inheritance of those whom they avenged. By the constitution of Hayti the right of citizenship, denied to the white men, is open to all in whose veins flows the blood of Negro or Indian. Thus they look back across the centuries, but before all they honour the heroes of the war of Independence. Nevertheless, they give the first place to Dessalines, who led the final triumph, rather than to L'Ouverture, who bore the burden and heat of the day; for Dessalines most fitly represents the hatred of the white men left by the memories of the long struggle,—a hatred that the European Powers in their intercourse with Hayti would do well to take into account, and so be merciful in their strength. But when the dream of the philosopher becomes the reality of the statesman, and all the Antilles are given up to the only race fitted to dwell in them, then, when the hatred of colour has been laid asleep for ever, L'Ouverture will be remembered as the first and greatest of the liberators of his people.

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